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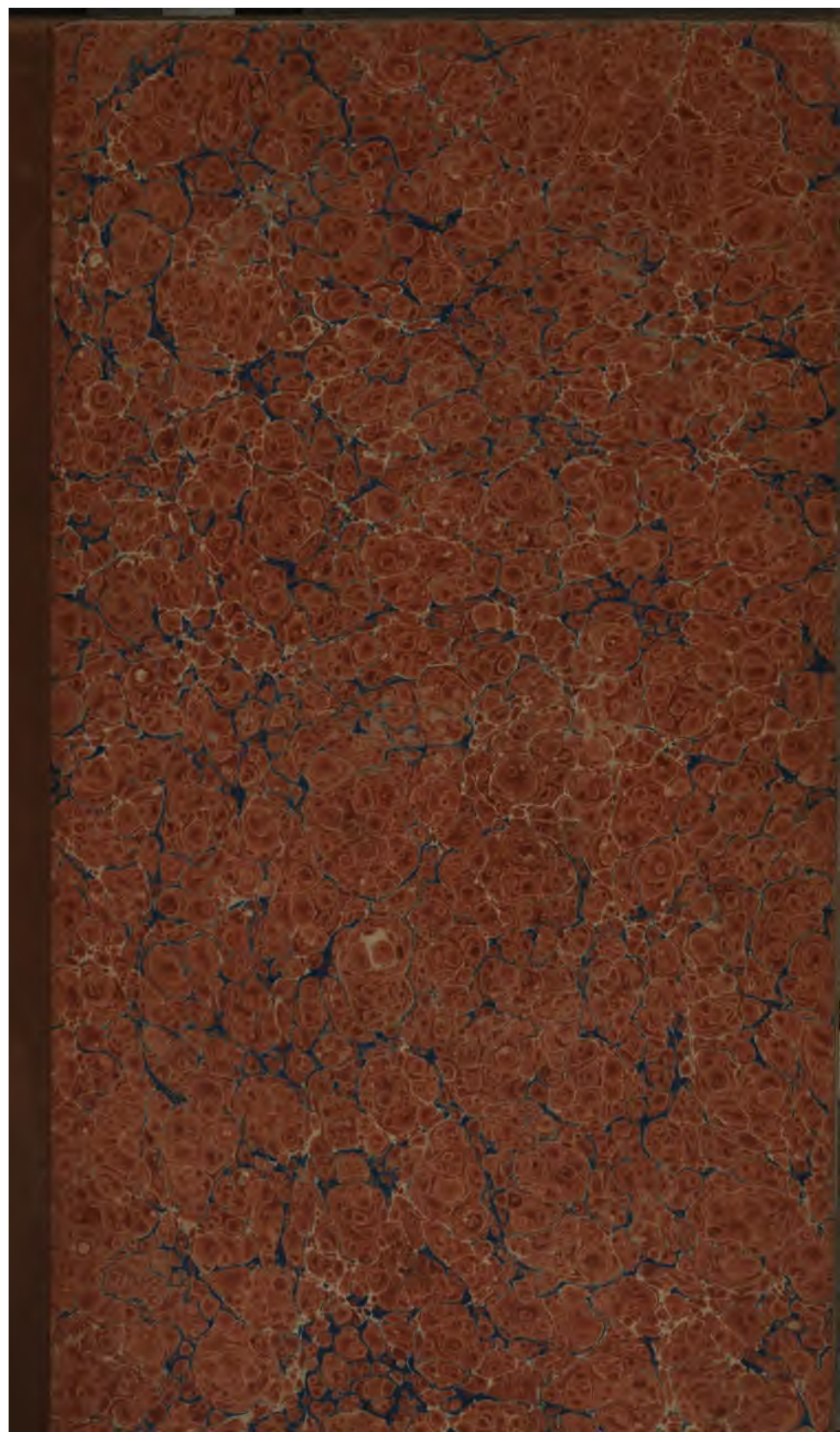
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47.71.



111

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100

THE
SON OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Dramatic Poem.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRIEDRICH HALM.



BY

WILLIAM HENRY CHARLTON.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY LUKE JAMES HANSARD,
NEAR LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

1847.



P R E F A C E

BY THE TRANSLATOR.



THE author of the Drama, of which a translation is here offered to the public, has, for several years past, been highly appreciated on the continent as a dramatist and poet; but as he has hitherto been comparatively little known in England, the following account of himself and of his works may not prove altogether unacceptable.

Eligius Francis Joseph, Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen, who has preferred to conceal his name and rank under the *literary* appellation of *Friedrich Halm*, was born in the year 1806, at *Cracow*, then a part of the Austrian dominions. His father, *Cajetan*, was Counsellor of the Court of Appeal in that city; he became afterwards a Counsellor of State, and for his services in the judicial department stood high in the confidence and favour of the late Emperor, *Francis II.* Though destined by education to a career similar to that in which his father had already distinguished himself, *Eligius* shewed, from an early age, the most marked *poetical* and particularly *dramatic* predilections, and at the age of twenty had already written his first tragedy. It was not, however, till the year 1835, that he could

be prevailed upon to bring his productions under the eye of the public, when his drama of *Griseldis** was first acted at Vienna, and subsequently at most of the other theatres of Germany, with unequivocal success.

This was succeeded by *Der Adept* in 1836, by *Camoens* in 1837, by *Imelda Lambertazzi* in 1838, and by *Ein Milde Urtheil* in 1840. These dramas were all more or less successful, but their fame was eclipsed in 1842, when *Der Sohn der Wildniss*, the subject of the following pages, made its appearance, and was enthusiastically received not only at Vienna, and throughout Germany, but also in Denmark, where a Danish version of it was performed. The latest work of *Friedrich Halm* is *Sampiero*, a drama which first saw the light in 1844. Besides the above dramas, this author has translated or imitated the works of several foreign writers, among which we may instance the *Cymbeline* of *Shakspeare*, and two of the dramas of *Lope de Vega*. He has also written a few short poems in the lyric and epic styles, the excellence of which is sufficient to cause a regret that the powers of his muse have not been more frequently exercised in these species of composition. *Baron E. von Münch-Bellinghausen* resides at present at Vienna, where, since the year 1845, he has occupied the post of *Custos* or *Conservator* of the Imperial Library.

Whether a drama like the present one could be successfully adapted to the *English* stage, is, perhaps, more than doubtful,—so wide a difference exists between the dramatic taste of England, and that of Germany. The

* An English translation of *GRISELDIS* appeared in London in 1844.

PREFACE.

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translator, therefore, can only hope that the public will appreciate this Drama for perusal, and he trusts that while he has closely, but not servilely, adhered to the text of his author, he may have succeeded in preserving not only the moral beauty of many of the sentiments, but much also of the graceful poetry in which they are originally expressed.

W. H. C.

January 14th, 1847.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

THE TIMARCH of *Massilia*.

POLYDORÉ, a *Merchant*,

MYRON, an *Armourer*,

ADRASTUS,

AMYNŒAS,

ELPENOR,

} *Citizens of Massilia.*

LYCON, a *Fisherman*.

INGOMAR, *Chief of a Horde of Tectosages.*

ALASTOR,

TRINOBAŒUS,

AMBIVAR,

NOVIO,

SAMO,

} *Tectosages.*

ACTÆA, *Wife of MYRON.*

PARTHENIA, *daughter of MYRON and ACTÆA.*

THEANO, a *female neighbour of MYRON.*

A *Herald, Senators of Massilia, Greeks of both sexes.*

*The Scene is in Gaul, a century after the foundation of Massilia
by the Phœacians.*

THE
SON OF THE WILDERNESS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Massilia. A Market-place. In the foreground,
on the right, the House of MYRON.*

ACTÆA is discovered sitting at the threshold of the house;
on a step lower, at her feet, is PARTHENIA, spinning with
a distaff; near her is a small basket containing flax.

ACTÆA.

But, child, consider:—Polydore is rich;
A man yet green in years; a widower,—true,—
But rich; a man of note and consequence,
And suitor for thy hand.

PARTHENIA (*rising*).

The sun is setting!
Enough for this day have I spun; and now
The olives from our neighbour must be brought;
I will cross o'er the way there, and——

ACTÆA.

No!—Stay,
And hearken to me, wild one!—Long enough
Have laughter, jests of fools, and childish sports

Been thy delight; now 'tis full time that thou
Shouldst turn thee from these wild unsteady ways,
And gravely hearken to a serious counsel.

PARTHENIA (*again seating herself*).

I hearken, mother !

ACTÆA.

Ay, so say'st thou ever ;
Yet while I talk to thee until my voice
Hath lost itself in hoarseness, far and wide
Thy fancy wanders fleeting o'er the plains,
As thou didst erst in chase of butterflies ;
But now 'tis time for thee, with springtide's bloom,
To gain returns in autumn. Youth alone
Is time for wooing;—as it comes, it goes,
Ere we do think on't;—but the unwedded's lot
Is lonely old age, and the mock of fools ;
And such lot will be thine, because thy sense
Will hearken not to counsel wise, and bids
Defiance to the gods. So didst thou first
Medon reject.

PARTHENIA.

Why, he was grey with age,
Tottering, and chiding ever !

ACTÆA.

Then Evander.

PARTHENIA.

The man was redolent of drugs and unguents,
His very presence nauseous as his draughts.

ACTÆA (*rising in anger*).

Right ! So go on ! Tread underfoot thy fortune,
Nor e'er repent thee of a foolish deed !

Thou deem'st, perhaps, that on life's tree there blooms
 For thee some wond'rous and peculiar lot;
 Believ'st that thou art fair, art of quick wit,
 Art rich forsooth——

PARTHENIA (*rising and embracing ACTÆA*).

I'm young, content, and joyous;
 And ye, ye love me well,—what need I more?

ACTÆA.

Love thee!—Ay! little though thou dost deserve it,
 By all the gods we love thee, child, indeed!
 Yet no! why do I fold thee in mine arms?
 I'm wroth, I'm bitter wroth with thee!—Away!
 In truth we love thee, but thou lov'st us not;
 'Tis but to spite us that thou wilt not wed;
 Perhaps it hath occurred to thee to wait
 Until the moon sends down a lover.

PARTHENIA (*after a pause*).

Why

I still would wait? I'll tell thee, mother dear!
 Though but a child then, well I marked thy words.
 Thou spok'st to me of Hero and Leander,
 Of their true love; but when I asked of thee
 What love was,—then thou answeredst with a smile,
 And toldest me how love is born, and grows;
 How sudden radiance fills the darkened breast,
 And the quick pulse proclaims—'tis he, who bears
 Within his breast a portion of thy soul!
 For him I fain would live,—with him would die!
 So didst thou tell; but well I mark'd thy words,
 And now, when Medon and Evander came
 To woo me, then in secret did I lay
 My hand upon my heart, to feel its beating,
 And listened, listened,—but my heart was silent;
 And so—I wait until it wills to speak.

ACTÆA.

What dost thou say? I told thee——

(*Aside*).

Ye great Gods!

With a young heart, so will our aged tongues
Run on for evermore!

(*Aloud*).

Thou foolish child!

This, then, is all the reason thou shouldst wait?
Thy heart must speak?—Straight drive that from thy
mind!

If e'er such idle tale to thee I told,
'Twas but a paltry jest, a childish fable.
Turn now thine eyes to view reality,
And seize occasion by its scanty locks;
No second wooer may come, like Polydore,
So rich, so honorable——

PARTHENIA.

Honorable!

And from my father wrings his merchandize,
Niggard and greedy——

ACTÆA.

This thou understand'st not;

He husbands well, and wert thou once his wife,
Things might be different far. Be serious now
For once! but once!—Say ay, for love of me!
Say ay, my child!

PARTHENIA.

Look, mother dear! I will
No more rove through the woods and fields; I will,
Like other maidens, quiet stay at home;
No more I'll grieve thee, but in every way

Anticipate thy wishes; but that man,
That Polydore, I cannot,—and I will not—
Him will I never wed!

ACTÆA.

Not wed!

PARTHENIA.

Art angry?—

Yet thus it is, and this I must tell thee.

ACTÆA.

And I, I tell thee this—that we, thy parents,
Grow old, and long for the repose of age;
Our house and little land are deep in debt;
Thy father is but a poor armourer,
And if by day his field he cultivates,
So must he nightly hammer at the forge;
And when the tillage ceases, then he goes,
As now, sore laden with his weapons, forth,
Proffering his stock amid the hamlets round.

PARTHENIA.

My poor father!

ACTÆA.

Poor!—I am poorer still!

At home I stay, but all my cares go forth
And bear with him the burden of his wares;
With him pant up the mountain steep; I feel
The storms that shake his grey locks in their rage,
And the cold rain that streams upon him down;
And then I think, in some dark mountain gorge,
The wild Allobroges, or worse than they,
The dread Tectosages, rush on him,—rob him,—
Slay him, perchance!—Then do I weep.—But thou,

Thou whom he loves as the apple of his eye,
 For whom he risks his blood, his strength, his life,
 Thou couldst him ease from all his bitter toil,
 And dry my tears, and make thy parents blest,
 While thou thyself wert happy.—But thou canst not,
 Wilt not do this, thou most ungrateful child!
 That art thou, yes!—and this I must tell thee!

[Exit into the house.]

PARTHENIA (*after a pause*).

Ungrateful! No!—The Gods do know it!—No!
 That am I not, ungrateful not! For me
 He bows his aged head before the storm;
 For me, beneath his heavy burden groaning,
 Panting he climbs the hills. He ought not—no!
 Unto my mother will I give the lie—
 I will—what is't I will?—the merchant wed?—
 Eternal Gods!—no, that I cannot think of!
 That were indeed to die,—to be entombed.
 And yet, why do I grieve? My days fly by.
 Though erst so bright the future lay before me,
 And foresight of some happy lot unknown
 Called my heart onward, yet my mother said
 'Twas but deception, love was but a fable;
 And so at last is all on earth deceit,
 A fable all that doth this life adorn,
 And real but the sameness of our days.
 And then, by Heaven! then I nothing lose,
 And need not grieve a worse fate to escape;
 Though yet, perhaps, the worst of all it seems
 For ever to give up the dreams of youth.
 Be that as't may, no more I'll hesitate;
 For me no longer shall my father toil,
 Nor—who comes yonder?—Polydore!—

(She moves as if to go away).

But no!

I'll stay: if bartered be my future bliss,

First let the price be fixed for which I give it.
See where he comes, inflate with pride,—his head
Tossing on high, and wrinkling up his brows!
His mien, his gait, alike are insolent!
And I his wife!—The thought makes chill my heart.

*(She goes towards her distaff, and appears to be
occupied with it, while POLYDORE enters
from the background).*

POLYDORE (*without observing PARTHENIA*).

It will not serve—this slave devours my substance;
Even from my children should I bate his cost,
To watch them all were hopeless task for me;
Without a wife 'twill serve not—

PARTHENIA (*aside*).

Seems it not
As if the world's weal on his shoulders rested?
I'd wager still, he reckons up some farthings—

POLYDORE.

True—none can Callinice e'er replace;
An honest soul was hers, for she could save;
But yet this armourer's daughter needs must be
A housewife good—and if 'tis her I choose,
I choose aright—but look!—behold her here!
This meeting now, a sign from Heaven I deem.
Give thee good day, my maiden!—a good day!

PARTHENIA.

Good even were better, for the sun is setting.

POLYDORE.

From henceforth let me greet thee with good day;
There is no evening where thy glances shine.

PARTHENIA (*aside*).

Now he behaves as though he fain would smile!

(*Aloud*).

I pray thee, lay all these fair words aside,

That we may gravely speak of matters grave.

Thou hast the thought to seek my hand in marriage?

POLYDORE (*aside*).

Outspoken free indeed!—truly I see

Charming impatience here, that cannot wait.

(*Aloud*).

Right! I do think of that.

PARTHENIA.

So says my mother,

And much I marvel I should be thy choice,

That Callinice is so soon forgotten.

POLYDORE.

Forgotten!—No!—a man like me forgets not

Aught that he e'er hath lost, be't money, goods,

Or money's worth, and that was Callinice;

Yet many weighty grounds concur to move me

To a fresh choice.—My children first of all——

PARTHENIA.

Poor orphans!

POLYDORE.

Poor they are not, but a tribe

Luxurious and insatiate, rude and idle,

Untameable and savage. Must I now

At heavy cost a pedagogue procure

From Samos or Miletus? Is not mildness

Ever best tamer of rude energy?—

And thou—thou'rt mild indeed!

PARTHENIA.

Mild, say'st thou?

(Aside).

Ay!

Mild as a lamb when led unto the slaughter!

POLYDORE.

Besides, so oft my occupation draws
Me far from home,—now must I seek the mart,
And now the haven. Must a slave meanwhile
My household and my goods in warehouse guard,
And many a well-filled chest? This none can do,
None but a wife, a true and honest wife.
And further, though I'm vigorous yet, and feel
Quite young at times, still signs of coming age
Announce themselves, and here and there appear
Grey hairs, and torturing gout shoots up and down
Through all my limbs;—and who will tend me now,
Keep ready the warm chamber, and prepare
The medicine and the healing broths,—but one,—
A loving wife?

PARTHENIA *(aside)*.

My spirits sink, ye Gods!

POLYDORE.

But yet another ground there is, that beams
Forth from thine eyes, and blooms upon thy cheek;
It is—my rosebud——

PARTHENIA.

Nay! keep to thyself

That ground, and let me now for once be heard.
Thou know'st my father tills his field, and toils
Hard at his anvil;—on his shoulders bears
His heavy wares to distant customers;

And he is old besides, and needs repose.
Say, wilt thou think of that, if I be thine?

POLYDORE.

Yes! truly will I—wherefore should I not?
Be sure I will most fully think of that.

PARTHENIA.

And do?—what wilt thou for my father do?

POLYDORE.

Do!—Dost thou ask what I would do?—Well, 'tis not
My way to praise myself; but I will do,
Whate'er thou dost but wish. Now first he'll be
Father-in-law to me—to Polydore,
The wealthy Polydore,—akin to me,
Whose ancestors were from the gods descended;
Think, maiden!—what high honour!—from the gods!

PARTHENIA.

It may be so, but honour brings not bread.

POLYDORE.

That shall be cared for too, for I will take,
As hitherto I've done, thy father's wares
At a good price, as 'twas my wont to give.

PARTHENIA.

At a good price!—Dost mean good price for thee?

POLYDORE.

Yet one thing more,—I will—now mark this well!
Be this upon thy mind impressed—know, maiden!
I will take thee without a dowry,—ay!
All without dowry—simply as thou art—
Without one drachma's dowry will I take thee.

PARTHENIA.

Thou wouldst do all this for my father's sake?
All this, in truth?

POLYDORE.

'Tis much, in truth it is;
Well nigh too much.

PARTHENIA.

By all the gods! indeed,
It is too much!—and so good even to thee! (*Going*).

POLYDORE.

No, stay! Thou shalt not go till thou hast answered.

PARTHENIA.

And answer thou shalt have. Now mark this well!
To teach thy sons, a pedagogue procure,
At heavy cost, where'er he may be found;
To guard thy house, look to thy locks and bolts;
Shouldst thou be sick, then, by the corner yonder,
The female huckster sells her healing herbs;
But from those herbs the draught thyself prepare,
For know, there grows on earth no herb so bitter
To me as is thine aspect.—Mark this well!
This is my answer; let it then content thee!

[*She goes into the house.*]

POLYDORE (*having gazed after her a short time in
astonishment*).

What was that?—Heard I right?—Doth she reject me?
Me, Polydore the rich?—This armourer's child
Reject me, a descendant of the gods?
She will not have me,—tells me roundly so,
As if I were her father's journeyman;
And mocks me too! No herb so bitter grows

On earth, as is mine aspect!—Bitter! ay!
 So shall it prove to thee and to thy kin.
 From henceforth let her old and foolish father
 To his own ruin forge his weapons!—I—
 I will not take from him another blade;
 I'll transfer all rights of his creditors
 Unto myself; cite him to the tribunal;
 Drive him from home, and from the city too—
 Him and his insolent child.—Yes! I will do it;
 And should it be at cost of my last drachma,
 I will not rest until his fate's fulfilled.

(While he continues pacing up and down in great agitation, LYCON, the fisherman, enters).

LYCON.

Straight down the street,—that was the way they said;
 Then round the turn, and to the fountain's right—
 The nighest house;—so this the house must be.

(He goes up to the house which is next to MYRON'S, and knocks at the door).

Ho! Open here! ye inmates of this house!
 Ay, ye may stop your ears, and feign ye're deaf!
 Misfortune knocks too loud, and at the last
 Ye must believe it.

POLYDORÉ (*aside*).

Ha! what wants that man?

THEANO (*opening the door of the house*).

What noise is this? Who knocks?

LYCON.

Come forth!

THEANO.

What is it?

Speak!

LYCON.

Art thou Myron's wife,—the armourer's?

THEANO.

I? No! my husband's dead.

LYCON.

Then thank the gods!
For better even is death, than slavery.

THEANO.

What? Dost thou say that Myron——

LYCON.

Is a captive,
And dragged off by the wild Tectosages.

POLYDORÉ (*aside*).

A captive? Ha! That comes full opportune!

THEANO.

Myron—dragged off—a captive?

LYCON.

Ay, 'tis true!
I saw it with these eyes.

THEANO.

Eternal Gods!
Myron!—but look!—there go his friends along!
(*To ADRASTUS and ELPENOR, who are seen
crossing the stage in the background*).
Adrastus, here!—Elpenor! Here's a man
Brings tidings Myron is a captive, and
Was dragged off by the wild Tectosages.

ADRASTUS.

How? Dost speak truth?

ELPENOR.

Tell how it came to pass!

LYCON.

'Twas near the coast; within the forest I
Was shaping sail-yards for my boat; there came
A sorely laden man along the path;
The bushes hid me, and the wearied man,
Nigh to a bowshot from me, stretched himself
Upon the turf to rest. Then sudden sounded
A cry within the thicket, and like wolves
Yelling rushed forth the wild Tectosages.

POLYDOR (*aside*).

That have ye bravely done, avenging Gods!

ACTÆA (*entering from the house, accompanied by a female
Servant, and descending the steps*).

See there, again! Careless, as is her wont,
She's left her distaff; take it to the house!

LYCON (*to THEANO, ADRASTUS, and ELPENOR*).

The bushes hid me; but the old man perforce
Must yield, and straight was plundered of his goods.

ACTÆA (*to the Servant, who has taken up the distaff*).

Here, take the basket, too.

[*Exit Servant into the house.*]

LYCON.

They asked him then
Who he might be; and when he answered them
An armourer, they shouted loud for joy
At such a capture, "He must come with us
Along;" then forced him, his grey hairs all sadly

In the wind fluttering, bound, from off the path
Away——

ACTÆA (*who has been following her Servant up the steps
into the house, stopping suddenly on the threshold*).

Grey hairs—an armourer—bound, and forced
Away—Who was that armourer?

(*Advancing*).

Speak, I say!

Who was the man?

LYCON (*to the others, after a pause, during which they
stand with downcast eyes*).

Is that the wife of Myron?

ACTÆA.

The wife of Myron! Gods! if Myron were—
No—no—why stand ye silent? Say no—'tis not—
Not Myron!—Speak, I say!

(*After a pause, shrieking*).

Oh! woe is me!

ADRASTUS.

She faints!

ELPENOR.

She falls to earth!

THEANO (*supporting ACTÆA*).

Support her! Help!

POLYDORE (*aside*).

She has her share. The maiden yet remains.

AMYNTAS (*who, with several men and women, has hastened to the call of THEANO*).
A captive, say ye?—Myron?

THEANO.

Come, and give me
Your aid, to bear the hapless one within!
(THEANO and the other women carry ACTÆA
into the house).

AMYNTAS.

'Tis the Tectosages have dragged him off?

LYCON.

Yes, the Tectosages! Three weeks are past,
Since, as their wont is, from their native hills
A horde of these foul villains downward rushed,
Laid waste the fields, attacked the travellers,
And from their pastures drove the flocks and herds;
And such were they who pounced this day on Myron.

PARTHENIA (*who re-enters, rushing out of the house, and running up to the group which surrounds LYCON*).
Where is the man that brought these tidings?—Where?
Thou'rt he!—Speak then! Is't true?—Didst see't thyself?

LYCON.

Ten paces scarce from where I stood they passed—
The old man and his loud rejoicing captors.

PARTHENIA.

And thou didst 'scape, and he——

LYCON.

I stood behind
The bushes, all alone, and dared not stir.

But soon as all the troop were past and gone,
 Then I prepared to fly. But the old man
 Saw me, and cried in supplicating tone,
 "My name is Myron, of Massilia—
 The armourer!—In the name of all the gods,
 Go, tell my friends, that they may ransom me!"
 Then of that savage horde one yelled to me,
 "Ay, run then, run! and he who'll ransom him,
 Let him pay us of silver thirty ounces!
 The man's worth that!"—Then sped I on my way,
 And they trooped on toward the Cevennian hills.

PARTHENIA.

And he a captive!—No—away, fond tears!
 Clear be my eye, and steeled be my soul!
 Toward the Cevennian hills thou say'st they went;
 They ask for ransom;—true, our house and fields
 Are deep in debt;—but there are still our friends.

POLYDORÉ (*aside*).

Hard gold were better!

PARTHENIA.

Ye! ye'll help!—Adrastus!
 Amyntas!—Ye've grown up with him; ye've shared
 With him the sports of youth, the cares of age;
 Ye'll save him! ye can do it, ye are rich!
 Ye wish it, ye are good!—Speak, worthy men!
 Say yes, and straightway lay the ransom down!

ADRASTUS.

What! I pay thirty ounces! Would to Heaven
 That for my children I had saved so much!

AMYNTAS.

The sea bears all my wealth, and who can count
 On winds and waves?—I am most poor, perchance,
 The while I speak.

POLYDORE (*aside*).

Ay, good friends these indeed!

PARTHENIA.

Have mercy! that the gods may ever show
To ye, like mercy!—that thy ships, Amyntas,
May safely find the port; that on thy children,
Adrastus, ne'er may press the galling yoke
Of servitude, or weight of poverty.
Oh, let a mother's grief—my prayers—prevail!

ADRASTUS.

Desist!—at later time, perhaps—but now
Expect no help from me; I cannot aid thee.

PARTHENIA.

Ye Gods!

AMYNTAS.

Ay, true! the times press hard upon us;
Enough, if each can his own burden bear.

PARTHENIA.

Oh, friendship, fabled virtue!

Voice of the HERALD without.

Make way here,

Ye burghers, for the Timarch!

PARTHENIA.

Fare ye well!

Why did I ye beseech?—Our mother guards us;
Massilia will protect her children all.

HERALD (*who enters, bearing a white staff in his hand*).

Make way, I tell ye, for the Timarch!

[*Enter the TIMARCH and suite.*]

PARTHENIA (*falling at the feet of the TIMARCH*).

Save him!

Oh, help!

HERALD (*waving his staff*).

Stand back!

TIMARCH.

No! hold!—and maiden, tell,
For whom our help thou cravest?

PARTHENIA.

Save him!—Myron—

The armourer—my father!—to the mountains
The wild Tectosages have dragged him off!—
Thou, save him from the bonds of servitude!

TIMARCH.

Much grieved am I for this most worthy man;
But yet, to save him——

PARTHENIA.

Let the trumpets sound!
And let the citizens straight grasp their swords,
For all their weapons have been forged by him,
And well-proved blades they are, of truest steel!
Call forth Massilia's power to shield her son,
Rescue him from the savage robbers' hands,
And let him free return to his free home!

TIMARCH.

That cannot be; our statutes old forbid it,
Down from that time when first Massilia rose,
And, founded scarce, with wild tribes on the coast
Fought dubious for her young existence; then
It was decreed, lest haply care for one
Should mar the weal of all, and prudence might

Join temperate counsels to our daring moods,
 Massilia should but shield her citizens
 Far as the shadow of her walls extends.
 And now that Myron hath that bourne o'erstepped——

PARTHENIA.

Let kindness sway ye——

(Rising up).

No! not kindness—justice!

Justice I ask. Doth not Massilia stand
 Founded full strong? doth not her arm of power
 Stretch far beyond the shadow of her walls?
 Let her put forth that power! What laws are these
 That are but fetters, 'stead of sword and shield?
 He is a captive,—Timarch, set him free!

TIMARCH.

It cannot be; for he who moves one stone
 Justice hath built, brings down the house at once.
 Look to it thyself,—I cannot help thee.

(He turns to go away).

PARTHENIA *(falling at his feet).*

Stay!

Have mercy!

TIMARCH.

Mercy dwells but with the gods;
 On earth dwells Justice;—I abide by her.
 Make way!

HERALD.

Make way! Room for the Timarch!
[Exeunt the TIMARCH and his suite.]

PARTHENIA (*calling after them*).

Mercy!

Woe's me! No ear hath listened to my grief!
(*She kneels, and hides her face in her hands*).

POLYDORÉ (*aside,—rubbing his hands*).

"I cannot help thee"!—Oh, rare man! I could
Embrace thee for that speech!—"I cannot help thee"!

ELPENOR.

I'll steal away; no use can I be to her,
And her sad tears do wring my inmost heart.
[*Exit, conversing with several of the bystanders,
of whom a great part had previously fol-
lowed the TIMARCH on his departure.*]

ADRASTUS.

Come, fisherman, with me; I'll give thee shelter,
And for thy news, reward. But ye, my friends,
Come to my house, to ponder o'er at leisure
What best may profit in such time of need!
[*Exit with AMYNTAS, LYCON, &c., so that PAR-
THENIA, kneeling in the middle of the stage,
with her face covered by her hands, is left
alone with POLYDORÉ.*]

POLYDORÉ (*who has seated himself, with his legs crossed,
on the steps of a house opposite to that of MYRON*).

Right! Go now, go! Now comes the turn for me,
And I will hit the mark, that she may feel it.

PARTHENIA (*raising her head, and looking around*).

Gone!—All are gone!—They fly my presence all;
No, not one arm would proffer me its help;

I fear misfortune's path is ever lone.

(*Starting up*).

But yet I shall find help—I must find help;

I'll go to Polydore——

POLYDORE.

To Polydore?

What, art thou sick, to seek an herb so bitter

To thee, as is his aspect?

PARTHENIA (*aside*).

Now, ye Gods!

Help me, and melt my pride to humbleness!

(*Aloud*).

Here in the dust behold me at thy feet!

POLYDORE.

Ha! Look now, look!—I' the dust and at my feet!

PARTHENIA.

Forget, forgive, and ransom me my father!

And as a slave I'll bind myself to thee

And to thy service.

POLYDORE.

So!

PARTHENIA.

I'll faithful guard

Thy house and goods, tend thy declining years,

And watch thy children.

POLYDORE.

Look now, look! Thou wouldst

Do all this now—all this—in very truth?

PARTHENIA.

All this, and more ;—grant me one only boon,
My father's ransom !

POLYDORÉ (*rising*).

What! yon savages,
I think, ask thirty ounces for his ransom.
No, no! 'twould be too much! I am a man
Who follows prudent courses. Look thou now!
Following thy counsel, I will straight procure
A pedagogue to tend and teach my children;
And well my house I'll guard with locks and bolts;
Should I be sick, then healing herbs I'll buy,
In yonder corner, from the female huckster;
So will I manage all. But thou, my fair one!
Ransom thy father by what means thou canst;
To the Barbarian bind thyself a slave;
Do what thou wilt, my thorny rose! I crave
But this—make me no partner in thy game.

(*Aside*).

She has it home now,—let her ponder o'er it! [*Exit*.

PARTHENIA (*who during POLYDORÉ's last speech has arisen and walked away from him*).

Go thou now, and rejoice, and deem despair
Now seizes on my heart, and that thy scorn
To madness drives my soul, whose hope is fled!
Yet 'tis not so. Man flies me, but the gods
Bring nearer to me their immortal presence,
And my breast swells with thoughts that they inspire;
With that high spirit that can all o'ercome;
With that high spirit that knows its strength, and feels
No aim too arduous for its daring wing.
Oh, fool! who camest to goad me in my sorrow,
'Twas the great gods who bade thee thus address me!
Thou pointest out the dim path to deliverance,

And teachest me to break my father's chains.
Away! away!—the night comes darkling on;
Be the couch spread for others' wearied limbs!
Parthenia, rise! thy day's work now begins!
But then, my mother——

THEANO (*who during PARTHENIA's last words has entered
from the house*).

Now, 'tis passed away;
There quiet now she lies, and grateful sleep
Seems to weigh down her sad and wearied head.

PARTHENIA.

And long may sleep cloud o'er her troubled soul!

THEANO.

Then come within—for her the draught prepare
From henbane, and nepenthe's fragrant herb!

PARTHENIA.

I know an herb more potent, and will fetch it.

THEANO.

What, now?—It grows dark.

PARTHENIA (*laying her hand upon her heart*).

Here, 'tis clear and bright.

THEANO.

And thou—wilt go alone?

PARTHENIA.

The gods are with me.

THEANO.

Now!—to seek herbs! No, thou hast lost thy senses!
I say thou must not——

PARTHENIA.

Keep thou watch by her!
For my soul's impulse bears me hence away.
If that be truth which my mind's eye descried,
Not distant is my aim, my father's rescue,
And, all to win, my all I freely stake.

THEANO.

Whither?—what means this?—Stay, Parthenia, stay!
(*While she hastens after PARTHENIA, the Scene closes*).

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Among the Cevennian Mountains. A Forest, with thick foliage. Where the wood opens, a view of wild Rocks is seen. In the background, on the left, is a half-extinguished Fire, over which hangs a cauldron. Several Tectosages, clothed in furs, are sleeping around the fire: near them, spears, helmets, shields, drinking-cups, and pitchers, are heaped together in disorder. In the background, on the right, are some Tents made of skins. In the foreground, on the right, AMBIVAR, NOVIO, and TRINOBANT, are lying around a flat rock, and playing with dice. In the centre, INGOMAR is sleeping under a tree, against the trunk of which his sword and shield are leaning: at a short distance from him, MYRON is sitting on the ground.*

AMBIVAR.

One point more, and the stake is mine!

TRINOBANT.

By Heaven!

I call that luck indeed.

NOVIO.

'Tis my turn now.

AMBIVAR.

What stake?

NOVIO.

I have at home a jet-black colt,
His age two years—swift as the wind! How say ye?

AMBIVAR.

Good! two fat wethers do I set against thee.

(They play).

MYRON.

All this I could a fable deem. They first,
 Like wolves voracious, their coarse meal devoured;
 Then drank their fill of the brown mead; and now
 These rattle dice,—but drunkenness for those
 Palsies their uncouth limbs, and heavy sleep
 Presses with leaden weight their eyelids down.
 And I—these brute barbarians' slave!—who was,
 But yesterday, Massilia's citizen—
 A free man—and to-day——

INGOMAR *(speaking in a disturbed manner in his sleep).*

On! on!—Pursue!

NOVIO.

Mead, slave! bring mead!

AMBIVAR *(playing).*

'Tis there! The colt is mine!

TRINOBANT.

Ten points!

NOVIO.

Thunder and fire!

MYRON *(aside).*

All I possess
 Would not suffice for ransom from their yoke;
 I am far gone in years, too—were I young,
 I had ta'en courage, and to 'scape had striven;
 For me is no deliverance,—no——

NOVIO (*to MYRON, with a threatening gesture*).

Bring mead!

Thy deaf ears will I saw off thy skull!

Mead, slave! bring mead!

MYRON (*hastily seizing a pitcher and handing it to NOVIO*).

Here,—here is mead!

AMBIVAR.

Go on!

What stake now, Trinobant?

TRINOBANT.

My armlet here.

AMBIVAR.

My shoulder-belt against it! How say'st?

TRINOBANT.

Good!

MYRON (*retiring with the pitcher*).

Oh, were this poison, with what joy I'd serve ye!

No means of 'scaping!—none! But Polydore,

Adrastus, and Amyntas, and Elpenor—

My friends—will sure think of—will ransom me.

Ye Gods! delude not then my trusting soul;

In mercy lead me back unto my home,

And in my fathers' city let me die!

INGOMAR (*speaking in his sleep*).

On! on!—Strike!—Strike them dead!

(*Awaking*).

A dream? 'Tis pity!

The fight was over, and the day was ours!

How the foe ran! Of booty what great store!

What troops of captives! And 'twas all a dream!
And now 'tis gone—Where can Alastor linger?

TRINOBANT.

Lost!—Now for this day have I played enough.

AMBIVAR.

Once more!

TRINOBANT.

Another time.
(*Rising slowly and approaching INGOMAR*).

AMBIVAR.

And thou?

NOVIO.

Well then!

AMBIVAR.

My last share of our booty now I'll stake,—
The Allobrogian wench.

NOVIO.

And I will risk
This sword, the plunder won from yonder slave.

MYRON (*aside*).

My sword!—my naked sword's the stake they play for!
I did not think to let it go so cheap.
Oh, that its steel could riot in their hearts!

INGOMAR (*who, in the meantime, has risen and approached*
SAMO).

Rise, Samo! rise, I say!

*



TRINOANT (*approaching*).

So sleep the dead.

(*Shaking SAMO by the shoulder*).

Ho! Samo, rise!

SAMO (*rising stupified with sleep*).

Is't time for supper?

INGOMAR.

No!

'Tis time to drive the beeves home from the pasture,
The latest booty that our inroad brought;
And so rub off the sleep that dims thine eyes!
Go forth, I say!

AMBIVAR (*while SAMO, TRINOANT, and the rest of the
Tectosages retire together towards the background*).

My throw was better!

NOVIO (*rising*).

No!

Mine was.

AMBIVAR.

Thou liest!

NOVIO (*seizing AMBIVAR by the breast*).

Dog! Dost thou play false?

AMBIVAR (*brandishing his battle-axe*).

Dog!—Dogs have teeth!

MYRON (*aside*).

Strike! Throttle! Prey like spiders on your kind!

INGOMAR (*advancing to the front*).

What means this?

NOVIO (*struggling with AMBIVAR*).

Murderous villain!

INGOMAR (*forcibly separating them*).

Off, I say!

NOVIO.

Who dares to——

INGOMAR.

I!—Ye chose me for your chief,
And I command that there be peace between ye.

NOVIO.

Make way!

AMBIVAR (*brandishing his axe*).

Now, his heart's blood or thine!

INGOMAR.

Stand back!

One step more,—and I send ye to the Shades!

(NOVIO *retreats*, AMBIVAR *lets drop his uplifted axe*).

Now once more,—go! Thou, Novio, climb yon rock,
And watch Alastor's coming.—Ambivar,
Use now thine axe, and fell us wood for supper.
Go forth, I say!

AMBIVAR (*aside,—muttering to himself*).

Well—well!—the time will come!

[*Exeunt NOVIO and AMBIVAR on opposite sides.*]

INGOMAR (*gazing after them*).

Defiance! and to me!—Heaven's thunder!—Yet
Depart!—Yon braggarts were not hard to match;

And if there come no stronger arm than theirs,
 Far distant yet's the hour that sees me vanquished,
 And still unconquered shall I go to Heaven!
 What did I wish for?—I would drink.—Ho! slave!
 The pitcher here!

(Drinks and returns the pitcher to MYRON).

That was a draught!—that relished!
(He lies down upon the rock, upon which the dice had previously been thrown).

Now, slave, some tale relate, whate'er it be,
 And so beguile the time.

MYRON.

For thee?

INGOMAR.

Proceed!

And, first, how art thou called?

MYRON.

I?—Myron, Lord!

INGOMAR *(mimicking him)*.

I?—Myron, Lord!—Chirped like the linnets young
 Within the nest!—with looks as sour, besides,
 As though he'd fed on sloes! What ails thee? Speak!
 Ha! was the scourge employed a little, whilst
 I sleeping lay?

MYRON *(terrified)*.

How! What! The scourge employed?

INGOMAR.

They beat thee?

MYRON.

No, Lord!

INGOMAR.

Then, by all the gods !
Why weep'st thou so, old dotard ? Tell me now !
Here thou hast plenteous food and drink ; at night
On the soft turf thou sleepest ; and when we
Have reached our home, we'll build for thee a forge,
Where thou canst work and hammer as of yore,
And live as thou wert wont.

MYRON.

And dost thou count
It nought, to lose my freedom ?

INGOMAR.

Freedom ! What ?
That moves my laughter !—Dost thou miss thy freedom ?
Thou hadst no more of freedom, ere we took thee ;
For age had bowed thy vigour 'neath its yoke ;
Youth only's strong, and strength alone is free.

MYRON.

And if, as thou dost say, age hath worn down
My vigour, who 'mongst ye will guard,—will tend me ?

INGOMAR.

Tend thee ! Where grows the drug that cures old age ?
Far better do we know what's good for sickness :
Among our race, should one grow sick and old,
Forth to the woods he goes, and with him takes
Three days' provision ; on the turf lies down
Beneath a tree ; his store of food consumes ;
And three days past—he travels to the gods.

MYRON.

And ye permit this ? Ye avert it not ?
The son his father leaves to——

INGOMAR.

Die! Why not?
His hour is come; then wherefore should he live,
To self a torment, to his friends a burden?
Strength is life's substance; and when strength is fled,
We deem life but a hilt without a blade,
An empty quiver, and we throw't away.

MYRON.

In the woods—three days past—'tis horrible!
Thus I, when gone's the remnant of my strength,
I too must——

INGOMAR.

No! not thou!—A slave thou art,
And on the will of him thy fate depends,
Who wins thee as his portion of the spoil;
Yet thou mayst fall by lot unto the gods,
The share they claim, and th'axe will immolate
Thee then, within the huge stones' sacred circle.

MYRON.

The axe! The immolating axe! I feel
Its steel upon my neck.—Woe's me!

INGOMAR.

He talks
As though the world would perish if he lived not.

MYRON.

Oh ye, my country's gentler Gods, protect me!
Alas! Massilia! that my foot did e'er
O'erstep the threshold of thy gate!—that e'er
I fondly——

INGOMAR.

Silence now, I tell thee!—Be
A dastard, if thou wilt, but do not fill
Mine ears with thy laments!

MYRON (*retiring*).

I—well—I'm silent.

INGOMAR (*aside*).

There may be men among his race, but he
Is none.—Slave!

MYRON.

Lord!

INGOMAR.

Be wise, and do not fear!
On thee the lot will fall not. Do thou but
Forge us good swords, perform thy service well,
And be in all things to our mind and wish,
Thou wilt like well thy sojourn 'mongst us.

MYRON.

What!

I? Like't well?

INGOMAR.

Fool! that lov'st so much thy life,
Pining for freedom, which thou ne'er hast known!
With us is Freedom; 'neath the open sky,
Amid the woods she dwells; on mountain tops
Her breath is felt. And life—do ye then live?
To wander where we list, now here, now homeward;
No care for the day, no saving for the morrow;
To hunt, carouse, to fight, to live in dangers;
That do I call to live—true pleasure that!
That fires the blood and makes the bosom swell!

But ye, cooped up within your gloomy walls,
To ye life seems but given, that ye may mourn.

MYRON.

Lord! I was born within those circling walls;
There dwell accord and justice, law and order,
An honest wife too, and a daughter loved;
The best of all that I on earth have gained
I there possess—possessed, I should have said.

INGOMAR.

Now, tears forsooth! Away! out of my sight!
Tears for thy women? Art thyself a wench?
What, then, are women?—Vain and idle race,
Born only to bear offspring, and to serve!
Whose youth, scarce ripe, throws wanton glances round;
Who crouch around the hearth and suckle babes;
Anoint their hair, and view their face i' the brook.
Were I a God, and had to form the world,
I'd have no women,—none! We take our wives,
As one a bath would take, when the sun burns;
And thou—to weep for women!—Off! Begone!
Out of my sight!

MYRON.

Lord! thou art angry; but
Hadst thou but yesterday a free man been,
And wert to-day, like me, far from thy home,
A wretched slave——

INGOMAR.

I!—I'd ne'er be a slave!

(The sound of a horn is heard in the distance).

Be still! hark!—'Tis Alastor's horn! 'Tis they!
They come!

(To NOVIO, who enters from the background).

Is't they? Speak!

NOVIO.

Ay! They slowly mount
Up from the deep dell yonder; but before
The rest, Alastor speeds, and nimbly climbs
Even now the steep ascent. Behold him!

[ALASTOR *enters quickly from the background.*
After him, at intervals, enter SAMO, TRI-
NOBANT, AMBIVAR, and other Tectosages.
who advance together to the front.

ALASTOR.

Yes!

Behold me!—but it had been better far
I'd spared myself the trouble of the journey.
With empty hands I come.

INGOMAR.

Dost speak the truth?
The fat herds, that Avenio's citizens
Send yearly to the pastures on the mountains?

ALASTOR.

Not one head have I seen.

INGOMAR.

'Tis ill enough!

So thou dost bring——

ALASTOR.

Nought.—But yes, I have brought
Somewhat—a fair young thing—a maiden——

NOVIO.

What!

A wench!

INGOMAR.

A wench!—'Twas worth thy travel's toil!

AMBIVAR.

How cam'st thou by the prize?

ALASTOR.

It ran to us
Of its own will. We lurked within the thicket,
When distant steps we heard, and voices' sound;
Then came this maid with rapid steps, unheeding
The stony path, or the sun's burning ray.
Now forth we rushed!—The boy who was her guide
Fled straight; but she stepped back, and with her hand
Our outstretched arms averting—"Stay!" she cried,
"I seek ye!—Are ye not Tectosages?"

TRINOABANT.

What!—The maid, say'st thou?

NOVIO.

What said ye?

ALASTOR.

We laughed.
"Thou soughtest us?" we said; "now thou hast found us,
"And now thou art our prize." But she, with eyes
Flashing in anger, tore herself away:
"No!" cried she, "no!—no prize of yours!—I bring
"A ransom for your slave, and so by right
"Must have safe conduct."

MYRON (*aside*).

Ransom for their slave!

INGOMAR.

If she bring ransom, then by right she claims
Safe conduct ever,—there she spoke the truth.

ALASTOR.

In short—we then agreed to point the way
For her, to Ingomar, our chief; she followed—
Say rather, with quick step she marched the first:
We shook our heads as after her we hurried.

TRINOBANT.

Ha! A stout heart she bears!

INGOMAR.

But further—say,
What slave is that, for whom she ransom brings?

ALASTOR.

For Myron, of Massilia, she said.

INGOMAR.

For that man!

MYRON.

Ye great Gods!

INGOMAR.

Well! now in truth
Nothing's so worthless, but 'twill find a buyer.

MYRON.

Free!—Ransomed!—Once again to see Massilia!
Oh! let me not, ye Gods, go mad with joy!
And thou—Oh say! Is't not?—Dark are her locks—
Her eye is clear and bright—her limbs are slender—
Sweet is her voice, as song of nightingale—
So sweet—Oh say!—It is, it is my child!

ALASTOR.

Behold herself!

[*PARTHENIA enters from the background, and advances surrounded by several of the Tec-tosages.*

MYRON.

Parthenia! my own child!
My dear—my loving child! 'Tis thou!—Yes! bright
Thine eyes beam on me!—Now I've thee, and so
Have all again!—Yet often did I think,
If my Parthenia e'er can ransom me,
She'll do it.—She hath done it!

PARTHENIA.

My dear father!

INGOMAR.

He weeps again!—Now, by the Thunder-god!
The fellow's like a cloud o'ercharged with rain!

ALASTOR.

Enough of tears and whispers!—Woman! thou
Didst seek for Ingomar.—Behold him!—Speak!

PARTHENIA (*kneeling before* INGOMAR).

My lord! then, let a daughter, at thy feet,
The freedom of her aged father crave!
To us,—he's all. To ye,—what use can be
A man like him,—infirm,—far gone in years?
In mercy give me, what to ye is worthless!

NOVIO.

What! Give her——

AMBIVAR.

What! Is that her promised ransom?

ALASTOR.

She'd have him gratis!

INGOMAR.

Woman! This, thy father,
Is slave unto us all; had he been mine
I'd give him to thee, from his sullen moods
Thus to be freed. But 'tis not so; then hope not
To cozen us by fair and crafty words;
And shouldst thou crave——

PARTHENIA (*rising up quickly*).

Enough! Waste not thy breath!
'Tis the gods' will!—Then take your ransom straight!

INGOMAR.

What dost thou offer?

PARTHENIA.

My own self!

MYRON.

Thou'rt mad!

INGOMAR.

Thyself?

PARTHENIA.

A fresh life for this faded one;
For age—youth; youthful strength for age's weakness;
I offer that;—say ay!—and set him free!

MYRON.

Thou shalt not—no——

INGOMAR.

Thy father forges weapons,
And can be useful to us;—thou art but
A wench!

PARTHENIA.

Thou deem'st I'd be t'ye but a burden?
Believe it not!—Well can I spin and weave,
Make garments, and full many a savoury dish
With art prepare. Then I can strike the lyre,
And many an ear-delighting legend tell,
And sing sweet lays to lull ye to your sleep.
Strong am I too, and sound in mind and limb,
And ever was my spirit serene and joyous.

INGOMAR.

Good need of that!—Thy father could but weep.

PARTHENIA.

Say ay!—Ye ne'er will rue the exchange!

MYRON.

No! no!

She's mad! List not to her!

INGOMAR.

Be silent, thou!
And ye—what think ye? Speak!

*(He advances, with the rest of the Tectosages,
to the front, on the left of the stage; so that
MYRON and PARTHENIA remain alone on
the right).*

MYRON (*to PARTHENIA, while INGOMAR converses in a low voice with the Tectosages*).

Ill-fated one!

What hast thou done? Is't thus thou'lt free thy father?
But I—no—though my life's at stake—I will not!
What! Polydore, and all the rest, had they
No better counsel to impart to thee?

PARTHENIA.

Nor help nor counsel found I from thy friends.

MYRON.

Massilia, then—the Timarch—and the Senate's
High honoured members?

PARTHENIA.

Every ear was deaf;
So am I come myself to break thy chains.

MYRON.

Oh! that I ne'er had lived to see this hour!
For better 'twere within the serpent's den
That thou shouldst dwell, than with these men, whom
Nature
Made human but in mockery; who expose
Their aged parents to a death of hunger;
And for their slaves—shudder, my hapless child!—
Slay them as victims to their idols!

PARTHENIA.

Ha!

Me they will never slay!

INGOMAR (*while MYRON and PARTHENIA continue to converse in a low voice*).

Let her depart!
We have too many such at home already;
The old man forges weapons——

TRINOANT.

But he'll die
In a night's time; and she's young, and will live
Yet many a year.

NOVIO.

To let so fair a thing
Homeward depart!—Give the old man his freedom!

INGOMAR.

They all have lost their reason—all!

AMBIVAR.

Hark ye!
Let us keep both!

INGOMAR.

No! 'Tis a villain's counsel!
Trusting our faith she came;—then let her find it!

PARTHENIA (*while the Tectosages continue to converse in a low tone*).

'Tis done! and so give thy consent to it!
My mother sorrows—do thou dry her tears!
I, that am young, can bear with ease the hardships
That soon would crush thee down. Where thou wouldst
die
I can live cheerful on! Be free! and let
Me here remain!

MYRON.

Remain! What here, where death
Awaits thee—ay! and what is worse than death—
Rude violence,—shame,—ruin! Never! never!
Sooner, ye Gods! let this, my last sole weapon,
That 'scaped the robbers' search,—this dagger serve me!

PARTHENIA (*seizing MYRON's arm, and wresting the dagger
from him*).

Give me the dagger! Now in peace depart!
I will live worthy of thee, or will die!—
Yet 'twill not come to that; for, home returning,
Even should Massilia still her aid refuse,
Fishers and shepherds thou mayst raise to help thee;
Thou art their guide—ye fall upon the robbers—

MYRON.

Speak low! Muster my friends!—fall on the robbers!—
Some god hath caused thy lips to speak these words!

INGOMAR (*to the Tectosages*).

So have ye will'd it, and your choice is fixed.

(*To PARTHENIA*).

Then, woman, know that thy request we grant;
We take thee as a ransom for that man;
He may depart,—thou stay'st.

PARTHENIA.

Ye Gods, I thank ye!

MYRON.

I say she shall not! No!—I am your slave,
And such will I remain; she's free,—let her
Free to her home return!

INGOMAR.

Who asks *thy* will?

'Tis *our* will that thou go—that she remain;
And so depart!

PARTHENIA.

Go! go!—thou wilt return—

Thou'lt ransom me. Oh, do not rouse their anger!

INGOMAR.

Must we now wait yet longer? Comrades! up!
And make his stiff limbs pliant!

NOVIO.

Off! Away!

(NOVIO and TRINOBA NT approach MYRON).

MYRON.

Would ye then tear my child from out my arms?

TRINOBA NT (*laying hold of him*).

Come! Get thee gone, old man!

PARTHENIA.

No! Seize him not

So roughly! He'll go willingly. Oh! go!

Delay no longer! Go!

MYRON.

Well, be it so!

I go; but I'll return——

AMBIVAR.

'Tis likely, that!

MYRON.

Yes! To destroy ye all will I return.

ALASTOR.

He threatens!

AMBIVAR.

Strike him dead!

INGOMAR.

No! Scourge him forth,
And make the boaster run!

Several Tectosages.

Off with him!

Others.

Off!

Away!

MYRON (*driven out violently by the Tectosages*).

Parthenia! My child! Farewell!

PARTHENIA.

Farewell!—He's gone! I ne'er shall see him more!

(*She covers her face with her hands, and remains standing in the front of the stage, sobbing violently*).

INGOMAR (*who has ascended a rising ground at the back of the stage, and is looking after MYRON and the others*).

There he steps out! He runs! By all the gods!

I trow yon braggart stops not, till he hides

His precious head in his wife's lap at home.

Forsooth, a strange thing it must be—to fear!

Ne'er have I known what fear was, and, by Heaven!

I almost now, for once, could wish to feel it!

But the slave girl—Do I see right? Thou’rt weeping?
Is this the buoyant spirit thou didst boast of?
Thy promise this?

PARTHENIA (*half aside*).

I ne’er shall see him more!

INGOMAR.

Now,—would to Heaven!—What! Have we changed
from bad
To worse!—and got, for an old childish man,
Nought but a foolish, timorous, weeping woman?
Enough of tears we’ve had!

PARTHENIA.

Ay! True!—Enough!

Not for thy scoffs,—but that my tears are vain.
I will not weep again! By all the gods!
If it were but to give the lie to thee!

(*Stamping with her foot*).

I say, I will not—will not weep again!

(*She dries her eyes hurriedly, and goes to the back of the stage, where several of the Tec-tosages presently appear, who, during the next scene, go and come, busy themselves with the fire, stir the embers, bring wood, &c.*)

INGOMAR (*looking towards PARTHENIA*).

’Tis bravely done!—Her angry mood at least
Has help’d her to shake off her sorrow’s load;
And she bestirs,—and can defend herself!
“I will not weep again”!—’Tis a brave word;
And if that word she can as bravely keep—

(*To PARTHENIA, who in the meantime has taken up two of the pitchers from the ground, and is going off the stage with them*).

Stop! Maiden! Stop! Where goest thou?

PARTHENIA.

Where should I
Go, but to yonder brook, to lave these pitchers?
[*Exit.*

INGOMAR.

The pitchers? Now, 'tis useful—that. Ay! Go
Hence with thy pitchers!—What!—Already gone!
I call that, now, a proud and self-willed thing;
But she has life, and lends a hand, and acts;
Bestirs herself. We gain by this exchange.
Would that she could but forge us swords!—The sun
As yet is high in heaven;—I might hunt;
But no—the herds I'll watch; or, better still,
Lay me down on the turf and sleep awhile;
Then 'twill be supper time,—so ends the day;
And what the Gods decree, the morrow brings.

*(He approaches the tree against which his arms
are leaning. PARTHENIA re-enters with
the pitchers and a quantity of wild flowers:
she seats herself upon the rock in front of
the stage on the right, sets down the pitchers
near her, and begins to wreathe garlands
with the flowers).*

INGOMAR *(stopping suddenly, and slowly returning to the
front of the stage, without observing PARTHENIA).*

“Take me for ransom”! And she tossed her head
As proud, as though she'd bid us heaps of gold;
Then afterwards—“I will not weep again”!
A daring thing! and that I like full well.
I do not deem a steed the worse, which rears;
I love the torrent's roar, and the wild sea
When its salt foam it dashes to the stars;
For tame submission is a living death—

'Tis but the strife of powers that breathes of life.

But there—behold her!

*(He approaches PARTHENIA, and bends over her,
leaning upon the rock).*

Ha! what dost thou there?

PARTHENIA.

I?—I wreathe garlands.

INGOMAR.

Garlands!—It doth seem

As if in dreams I long before had seen her.

But yes!—My brother, who in childhood died,

My little Folko.—Right indeed! 'tis that!

She has his dark locks, and his calm bright eyes;

Her voice even bears his well remembered tones.—

So these are garlands called—and wherefore then

Dost thou now wreathe them?

PARTHENIA.

For these pitchers.

INGOMAR.

How?

What dost thou say?

PARTHENIA.

Is't not your custom? We

At home, like't well, when round the bowl or cup,

Or whatsoe'er we drink from, flowers are wreathed.

INGOMAR.

But we, my maiden, have this care alone,

That mead should fill the pitchers to the brim;

Desist then! trouble not thyself with garlands!

Of what use is that toy?

PARTHENIA.

Toy! Use! What, then,
Must all things have their use, even garlands? They
Are beauteous—'tis their use. Their colours glad
The eye; their scents refresh the soul. There now,
Behold!

*(She springs from the ground, and winds the
half-finished garland round one of the pitch-
ers, which she then extends towards him).*

Is it not beauteous?

INGOMAR.

By the sun's light!
The thing doth please me well! This dusky green,
These glowing flowers!—Ah! with us, thou must teach
Our women also to wreathe garlands!

PARTHENIA.

That
Is easy learned; soon will thy wife wreathe for thee
A garland fair as mine.

INGOMAR.

My wife! I with
A wife!

PARTHENIA.

Thou ne'er hast wooed?

INGOMAR *(laying his hand on his sword)*.

This is my wife!
So's my good shield—my spear! Let him who will,
Squander whate'er good fortune may have given him,
To purchase maidens from their fathers' hands,
For slaves, for cattle, or for ruddy gold,
And the next day to rue his hasty bargain.
I know both better goods, and better counsel.

PARTHENIA.

Eternal Gods!

INGOMAR.

Why dost thou look on me
In wonderment?—What ails thee?

PARTHENIA.

What? with gold,
With sordid gold ye woo and win your brides!
Ye buy them, ye exchange them, slaves themselves,
Alike for slaves! Oh, ye eternal Gods!
Are women merchandize?

INGOMAR.

What moves thee now?
In every land, I deem, must women serve;
And we, in truth, we are not harsh with them.

PARTHENIA.

No?—Ye're not harsh, ye most considerate lords?
Oh that my spirit in your women lived,
But for one day!

INGOMAR.

But stay!—Why rail at us?
Our modes we follow, as ye follow yours;
Then ye, it seems, of your own choice you're wooed,
And of your fathers' wish ye take no heed.

PARTHENIA.

We hear their wish, and follow our heart's impulse;
We fall not to his lot who bids the highest;
For we, Massilia's freeborn daughters all,
Are bound but by affection, in soft ties,
Fragrant as is the garland in my hands;
'Tis Love alone that guides us to our suitors.

INGOMAR.

Love! What? For love alone ye're wooed? But say,
How is that?

. PARTHENIA.

To be wooed for love?

INGOMAR.

Why—yes!

I have full many a comrade, true in fight;
And from my heart love many a gallant friend;
But to be wooed, thou say'st—and for love?—Love!
What is it?

PARTHENIA.

What is it?—My mother says,
Of all things 'tis the sweetest, and of life
The heaven;—I have ne'er experienced it.

INGOMAR.

Thou hast not?—Art sure not?

PARTHENIA.

No, surely!

(Looking admiringly at the garland she is wreathing).

But

See here! How fair! Here, if I had them, should
Be bright red flowers!

INGOMAR.

See! yonder thicket blushes
With scarlet blossoms!

PARTHENIA.

What dost thou say? Yonder?
Ah yes!—a glowing red—they'll serve me rarely!
Oh go, I pray thee, go, and pluck some for me!

INGOMAR (*moves as if to go, but stops suddenly*).
What, I—for thee?

PARTHENIA.
Yet pluck me but the fairest,
The freshest!

INGOMAR (*aside*).
Must the master serve the slave?
Yet wherefore not? The poor child is sore wearied!

PARTHENIA.
What! linger'st thou?

INGOMAR.
No! straight thou shalt have flowers
As fresh and dewy, as the bush can give. [*Exit.*]

PARTHENIA (*holding up the garland, and gazing at it*).
I ne'er so well succeeded! In good truth
The garland will be charming.—But for whom?
Here will it deck no brow of sculptured god;
No mother here looks down upon't with smiles;
I am alone,—forsaken!—No! begone
Ye tears! I'll weep no more! I am a woman,
Yet had I even the will and cause to 'plain,
I would not—ne'er shall they faint-hearted call me!

INGOMAR (*who re-enters, with some flowering branches,
and crosses the stage slowly—aside*).

My little Folko, when at times he'd long
For fruit, for flowers, or for some plaything else,
And cried—"Bring me that now! I will have that!"
Would I or not,—I could not help but do it:

In much, I find, doth she the boy resemble.—
There are the blossoms!

PARTHENIA.

Thanks to thee! But see
They will not serve!—Thou hast broke off the flowers
Too short i' the stalk.

(She throws some of the flowers upon the ground).

INGOMAR.

Well! I will——

PARTHENIA.

No! not now;
This branch suits well—receive my thanks!

INGOMAR.

By way of thanks, now tell me of thy home,
And what to thee besides thy mother said;
Tell me!—I will sit by thee here.

PARTHENIA.

No, no!
Not here!—Thou wilt mar all my flowers by crushing!

INGOMAR (*seating himself at her feet*).

Well then! Here will I sit, and now—relate!

PARTHENIA.

And what, then, must I tell thee?

INGOMAR.

Tell me how
Ye love and woo,—how Love doth come and go;
What Love is?—By the gods! that word seems to me
Like the deep waters of some mountain lake,
Through which I peer, and fain would view the bottom!

PARTHENIA.

How Love first comes—my mother deemed, 'tis sudden;
 She deemed—but give me yonder violet here!—
 That Love comes—like these flowers—in one night;
 That Love's a fire—enkindled by a glance,
 Nourished by dreams, and stirred by restless thoughts;
 That Love's a star, to guide our steps to Heaven;
 A green spot on a dry and barren heath;
 A grain of gold 'mid life's pale earthly sand;
 And that when, weary of the world, the gods
 Fled upward to the starry canopy,
 And with them bore what they possessed on earth,
 'Twas Love alone they left forgotten here.

INGOMAR (*who during the last speech has remained with
 his eyes fixed upon PARTHENIA,—after a pause*).

I understand it not.

PARTHENIA.

And I no more.—

My mother deemed, that comprehension here
 Must wait upon experience. But I know
 An ancient lay, that tells it clearer, to
 My mind at least. How ran the song? 'Twas thus:
 (*She speaks the following verses slowly, as if
 trying to remember the song*).

My heart, I fain would ask thee,
 What then is Love?—Say on!
 “Two souls, and one thought only,
 Two hearts that throb as one.”

And whence doth Love come, tell me?
 “It comes, and lo! 'tis here!”
 And say, how doth Love vanish?
 “No true Love then was there.”

And when is——

No!——

INGOMAR.

Go on!

PARTHENIA.

I know no further.

INGOMAR (*passionately*).

Try to remember then!

PARTHENIA.

I try, but cannot.

At times it comes well to my memory back.

And then—But we need roses here! Ha! Yonder's

A bush in bloom!—What roses!—I will go.

Meanwhile, keep thou for me the flowers and garland!

[*She springs up, tosses the flowers and garland
into INGOMAR'S lap, and exit running.*]

INGOMAR (*after a pause,—without changing his position,
and speaking to himself, as if in deep thought*).

“Two souls, and one thought only,
Two hearts that throb as one.”

[*The Scene closes.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—as in the preceding Act. INGOMAR's spear and shield are leaning against the tree as before. The fire under the cauldron is extinguished. INGOMAR, apparently lost in thought, enters with ALASTOR.

ALASTOR (*concluding a speech*).

And therefore am I sent here by the rest,
To ask of thee, our leader, what resolve
Thou holdest, if we homeward shall return?

INGOMAR (*aside, in a half whisper*).

I will say to her—no! not that. By Heaven!
It might appear!—No! I will say to her
That with her service I am right well pleased;
That I——

ALASTOR.

It seems thou hear'st not.

INGOMAR.

I?—Lo! here's
Alastor!—Ay! Thou cam'st and saidst to me——

ALASTOR.

I said to thee, the brook was quite fished out,
The game was scared from all the forests round,
The pastures grown too scanty for the herds.

INGOMAR.

Ay! ay!—'twas that.

ALASTOR.

Now, too, the time draws nigh,
Fixed by our tribe at home, their ancient wrong
By a great foray to avenge, upon
The land of the Allobroges.

INGOMAR.

What?—Right!
The foray—thou art right—so 'twas resolved—

ALASTOR.

And they who sent me feared to miss the day.

INGOMAR.

To miss the day!—What, I—what, Ingomar!
The storm shall sooner miss its fire and thunder,
Than I the fight!

ALASTOR.

Now, so in truth we deemed;
And say, when dost thou think we should set forth?

INGOMAR (*aside, in a half whisper*).

Must I set forth?—Go toward my home—my home?
Their home it may be, but 'tis *mine* no longer.
To me it seems, that I were here at home;
That here I had been born; that here I had
First oped these eyes unto the light of day;
As if I ne'er had lived till I was here.

(*Aloud*).

Where are the rest?

ALASTOR.

On the turf yonder lying,
By the wood's border, at their morning meal.

INGOMAR.

Then give them mead—so long as lasts our store,
And let them drink!

ALASTOR.

What! So we shall not yet
Set forth?

INGOMAR.

Until to-morrow will I think on't.

ALASTOR.

To-morrow!

INGOMAR.

Yes! I say, to-morrow.—Go!

ALASTOR.

In speech and manner thou dost seem so changed,
I scarce do know thee.—Well, then, till to-morrow!
And with to-morrow's sun's returning ray
May sense and judgment come to thee once more!

[*Exit.*

INGOMAR.

He scarce does know me!—Right! That touched the
quick!

I scarce do know myself! But how is this?
I'm surely sick?—Yes, yes! it must be so;
My spirit wraps itself in fevered dreams,
And my soul wanders—flitting here and there.

(*He throws himself upon the rock in front of
the stage.—After a pause.*)

Once I struck down a roe-deer with mine arrow,
And near my victim, which the turf around

Soaked with its heart's blood, stood the fawn, un-
knowing

Of danger, ay, even that its dam was dead;
For its young life had but of late begun.—
And when I nearer drew, to lift the game
I'd killed, upon my shoulders,—the fawn ran
To me, and took its food from out my hand,
And gazed at me with its bright innocent eyes;
And ever did I think of those soft orbs,
Oft as I looked into that maiden's eyes,
Now with scorn flashing—beaming forth anon
With confidence—her soul's depths careless showing—
Her guileless soul's—

(*Springing up*).

What! She,—and she again!

Evermore she!—By all the gods! What then,
Hath Ingomar nought better now to think of,
Than of a woman—of a slave's bright eyes?

(*A clash of cups and wild shouts are heard
behind the scenes*).

Yonder they shout, and as their war-cry tells,
Mingling all joyous with their clanging cups,
The dream of conquest relishes their meal.
They fight in spirit even now—vengeful wipe out
In Allobrogian blood their fathers' shame;
And I—Away, ye sickness-breeding thoughts!
A plunge in the wild fight cools burning brows,
A healing spring wells from the foeman's veins,
And I will ope that spring, and shall be cured.
Mine be the clash of arms—the fight—the victory!
For what to me are women?—

She indeed

Seems made of stuff far different from the rest;
And when of ours at home I think—their forms
In foul and shaggy skins enwrap—sun-browned—

With tawdry coarse adornments overladen—
 Content in bondage—with base amorous arts
 Grovelling to win the favour of their lords—
 Then do I loathe them all!—And she, the Greek——

(Clash of cups and shouts behind the scenes).

Ye call for battle—battle! Vain!—my heart
 Bounds not in custom'd echo to that call.
 I'm sick indeed—sore sick—whate'er may ail me,
 I feel it—sick within my inmost soul.

*[He throws himself again upon the rock, while
 PARTHENIA enters with a small basket on
 her arm, and slowly advances, without per-
 ceiving INGOMAR.]*

PARTHENIA.

Now at my home they sit, and grieve for me,
 And deem me tortured, or abused, or dead;
 And yet how better far has been my lot
 Than what they fear, or I had dared to hope!
 So mortals dream—the gods alone are wakeful!
 Now, not so bad are this Barbarian race;
 True, they are wild and rough—their modes of life
 Uncivilized—yet Ingomar subdues
 Them all, and if his mien be oft so fierce
 As though he would at least my life attempt,
 Even then from him no danger need I dread;
 I fear him not, he hearkens to persuasion;
 He is the best of all the savage troop.
(Approaching the rock, and perceiving INGOMAR).
 Behold him here!

INGOMAR.

Thou here! Whence camest thou?

PARTHENIA.

In yonder copse I've plucked these strawberries;
See here! The basket's full. Wilt taste?

INGOMAR.

No, no!

PARTHENIA.

No!—'Twere as easy to say "Thanks!" as "No!"
Thanks! Dost thou hear? Why is thy gaze so fixed
Upon me? Thou'rt not yet——

INGOMAR.

What should I be?

Go! I would be alone!

PARTHENIA.

It shall be done! (*Going*).INGOMAR (*springing up*).

Thou goest, Parthenia! No! Remain with me!
My head is wandering, and my pulses throb.

PARTHENIA (*returning*).

Then thou art sick. And say, what ails thee? Speak!
For many things I've from my mother learned,
And medicinal draughts I can prepare,
And speak the charms that soothe a dizzy brain.
What ails thee? Speak!

INGOMAR.

Nought! Nothing ails me now.

Thy breath, methinks, extinguishes the flame
That fever's torch had lighted in my breast;
And thy voice, too, has sung the sickly child

To sleep. But erst—wild dreams confused have borne
My roving thoughts as in a whirlwind round.

PARTHENIA.

But now thou'rt waking?

INGOMAR.

From the loud carouse
It drives me—from my comrades' drunken joys;
My ear flies battle's call, and clash of arms;
My heart for quiet longs,—dreams on, and on,
Then blushes for its dream, and dreams again.—
Parthenia! Would thou wert a man!

PARTHENIA.

A man?

INGOMAR.

Oh! then 'twould all be well—all! Thou wouldst be
My comrade in the chase, in arms my brother;
Like thine own shadow would I cling to thee;
I'd watch when thou didst sleep; I'd bear thee, wert
Thou wearied with thy journey. As the rock
Echoes the voice of the loud sounding horn,
And as the brook reflects the bright blue flower
That blooms upon its margin; so my sense
Would give back each emotion of thy soul.
Mine then would be thy smile, thy sorrow mine;
Then would we share the tenor of our lives,
The mutual secrets of our inmost souls,
Each throbbing of our hearts, each germ of thought——
(*Stopping suddenly*).
Ye heavenly——

PARTHENIA.

What doth ail thee? Speak! What is't
So moves thy spirit?

INGOMAR (*speaking slowly to himself*).

“Two souls, and one thought only,
Two hearts that throb as one!”

PARTHENIA.

That is the song which erst my mother taught me.

INGOMAR (*half aside*).

That is the song which all my mind o’erturned,
The lightning that, which rent the cloud asunder!

PARTHENIA.

Again, it seems, thou’rt dreaming.

INGOMAR.

Said’st thou not,
Love was a fire, enkindled by a glance,
Nourished by dreams?—Ay! they have nourished it,
And now its flames dart fierce aloft to heaven!

PARTHENIA.

Love, dost thou say?

INGOMAR.

Ay! Love! Thy mother said,
Love was a star to guide our steps to Heaven;
So come then—come! Its rays are beaming now,
And bright and clear the way before us lies!

PARTHENIA.

His eye is sparkling—and his cheek too glows—
Eternal Gods!

INGOMAR.

Let the gods rest on high,
Enthroned on clouds! But if whate’er delights

This earth possessed, they took with them away,
 Love, thou dost say, they left forgotten here;
 Then let us, loving, be as blest as they!
 Parthenia, be thou mine!

PARTHENIA.

Away! Thou'rt mad!

INGOMAR.

By all the wild dreams of my fevered nights!
 By all the flames that rage within my bosom!
 The cup foams o'er—it must be drunken off—
 Mine art thou—mine!

PARTHENIA (*retreating in terror*).

Where can I hide?—Approach not!

INGOMAR.

Mine art thou!

PARTHENIA (*suddenly drawing the dagger, and pointing it
 at her own breast*).

Stop! 'Twill be at my life's cost!

INGOMAR.

Hold! hold! Put up the dagger!

(*He looks at her in mingled anger and astonishment*).

What is now

Come o'er me?—What is't keeps me back?—Am I
 Not then her lord?—And is she not my slave?—
 Her flashing eyes are bent on me in wrath;
 I ne'er have been in fear of aught;—but now
 'Tis fear, it seems, that makes my eyes shrink from her.

PARTHENIA.

Ah me! Unhappy!

INGOMAR.

How unhappy?—What,
I've frightened thee indeed!—I was too hasty!
But hasty is my temper, and my ways
Are rough—and love——

PARTHENIA.

Love! That was never love!
I ne'er loved aught, save those who gave me birth;
And had I e'er the thought, like other maidens,
For love to turn a stranger to my home,
Then did I deem, that a true loving heart
Must with a gentle, modest, tender striving,
Half draw me to it, half give me itself;
Its own high worth it must in me respect,
Glad to receive, unwilling to demand;
It must desire to shield, to guide, to bear me—
But wherefore do I waste my words on thee!
(*Going*).

INGOMAR (*stepping before her*).

Stay! stay! I say! Dost thou not deem me worth
Thy words? Dost thou not know what man I am?
A mighty chief am I—through all the mountains
Sounds far and wide my gallant deeds' renown;
I am thy lord, and thy lord's favour sure
Must be to thee an honour—so, bethink thee,
What I am—what thou art!

PARTHENIA.

What I am?—I!
I am Parthenia—true, but Myron's child,
The armourer's—but yet I am a Greek,
Massilia's freeborn daughter. I was reared
In the pure worship of benignant gods,
Nurst at the mother's breast of gentle customs,

Cradled i'the arms of beauty and of order;
 But thou—thou art the son of the rude forest,
 Reared 'mid the beasts that haunt the wilderness;
 And wert thou even the noblest of thy race,
 To us thou'rt a Barbarian—a land-spoiler,
 A cattle-stealer; and know this—with us
 Thieves are scourged forth, and robbers crucified!

INGOMAR.

Audacious girl!

PARTHENIA.

And now that this is said,
 I take my breath awhile; and now bethink thee
 What thou art—what I am!

INGOMAR.

What! dar'st thou? Scorn
 And mockery!—Scorn me!—Now, by the gods!
 Learn then, thou slave! how slaves should be subdued!

PARTHENIA.

Perchance by thirst and hunger ye would tame them,
 And teach them too by stripes to love ye well?
 But slaves can never love—they only fear,
 And hate,—and so do I hate thee,—and nought,
 Nought—mark this well!—will force e'er wring from me,
 But one thing, one yet worse than hate——

INGOMAR.

Be silent!—
 Another word!—and by my wrath——

PARTHENIA.

Contempt!

INGOMAR.

Pay with thy blood for this!

PARTHENIA.

Here! take it forth!

INGOMAR (*who, with his sword drawn, has rushed upon*

PARTHENIA, *stops suddenly*).

No!—*My* life sooner!

(*His sword falls from his hand*).

Woe is me!—I would—

And yet I cannot!—Anger fires my blood;

This world—myself—in fragments I would tear;

I am myself no more—my strength is fled!

(*He throws himself on the ground, in the most violent emotion*).

PARTHENIA.

How was this? Here lies at my feet his sword,

That but even now flashed threatening o'er my head!

He there—outstretched—and scarce of sense possessed!

How was this? Was I then too hard? Too hard!

Whence came the anger that so filled my breast?

He did presume—yet was't presumption?—Do I

See right?—Thou weep'st! Why weep'st thou, Ingomar?

INGOMAR (*starting up*).

I weep!—A wench may weep! I—I weep not!

I am but sick—sore sick—no more! Contemn me!

My country's pride, the terror of its foes—

(*After a pause, during which he looks at her angrily for a moment or two*).

Begone! I well can lack thee! Didst thou deem

I could not? I can do so—then, begone!

Thou'rt free—dost hear me? Free—free as myself!

Go to thy home! Away! Delay not now!
 Thy very breath blows fevered dreams upon me;
 Poison is in thy glance. Go! go at once!
[Exit, rushing from the stage.]

PARTHENIA.

He's gone, and gone in anger! Let him rage!
 It was but right to mortify his pride,
 When this barbarian boaster wounded mine.
 My breath, he said, blows fevered blasts upon him;
 And I must go—at once begone. Now this
 He shall not twice command me. I am free:
 Light steps of joy will bear me to my home;
 My mother beckons, and my father's arms
 Are opened to receive me——

(Stopping suddenly.)

What? And must
 I part in rancorous strife from him, who made
 To me the yoke of servitude so light?
 Who gave me freedom; but that last he gave
 Even in his anger. True! he did.—And I——
 By the bright sun! I will await him here;
 This way he must return—and then—my lips
 Will speak a kindlier word—his wrath will vanish,
 And homeward I shall go with lighter heart.

*[While she seats herself on the rock, upon which
 she had previously placed the basket, AM-
 BIVAR, SAMO, and TRINOBANT, who during
 PARTHENIA'S last speech have appeared at
 the back of the stage, advance to the front.]*

SAMO.

He said, until to-morrow he'd defer it!

AMBIVAR.

And so he'll say again to-morrow,—and so
 We never shall set forth.

TRINOANT.

May thunder blast it!
That we should here lie idle——

AMBIVAR.

And our tribe
Meanwhile invade the Allobrogian land,
And take the choicest spoil before we come!

SAMO.

We'll not endure't!

TRINOANT.

Come! Come to Ingomar!
We will set forth this day!

AMBIVAR.

Ye would—but he—
Lies on the turf in dalliance with the Greek;
Lists to her songs—makes her relate him tales——

TRINOANT.

The Greek, I say—in all, the blame is hers;
She holds him fast.

SAMO.

Ay! The wench hath bewitched him.
(*They continue to converse in a low voice*).

PARTHENIA.

He comes not! Said he not that he felt sick?
So did he say, and even so must it be.
Sudden his brow grew flushed, then sudden pale,
So pale, and if he now——By all the gods!
My heart beats quick!—in yonder thicket's shade
I'll hide, and play the spy upon his track.

[*She crosses the stage quickly, and exit.*]

AMBIVAR.

Believe me! 'tis nought else but what I say;
Not till the Greek be gone, will Ingomar
Give signal for departure.

TRINOBANT.

But she's his!

AMBIVAR.

Not so! Yet undivided is the spoil,
And she as yet is ours as much as his.

SAMO.

Right! She is ours.

TRINOBANT.

And whither would ye take her?

AMBIVAR.

A bark, I know, is anchored near the coast;
Merchants they are, from Carthage. Look ye now!
We'll take her hence to them. To us they'll give
Swords, armlets, coats of mail, in her exchange.

SAMO.

So be't!

AMBIVAR.

Then to our task!

TRINOBANT.

But Ingomar,

When he learns this——

AMBIVAR.

Then let him learn't, when done!

(*Aside*).

He called me villain, and such will I prove;
Shall I not now pay back the debt I owe him?

SAMO.

Behold! She comes!

AMBIVAR.

Be still! Here! Come o'er hither!

[*They retire to the back of the stage, while
PARTHENIA enters from the thicket in the
foreground.*]

PARTHENIA.

Outstretched upon the turf he lies; his face
Is hidden in his hands—and his hands tremble,—
And his breast heaves with many a deep-drawn sigh.
Can this be sickness or——

Eternal Gods!

I fear this ailment seizes on me too!

AMBIVAR (*who with his companions has, in the meantime,
cautiously approached PARTHENIA, unnoticed by her*).

Now, seize her! Comrades!

(*The Tectosages seize her by the arms, and hold her fast*).

PARTHENIA.

Hold! Stand back! What would

Ye with me?

SAMO.

Fear thou not, my dove! Be still!

PARTHENIA.

Begone, I say!

TRINOBAINT.

Maiden! be still, or——

PARTHENIA.

No!

Ye shall not—let——

AMBIVAR.

Off with her to the thicket!

PARTHENIA (*while she is dragged away into the bushes by the Tectosages*).

Save me! ye cloud-enthroned avenging Gods!

Help! Save me!

(*Then, behind the scenes*).

Ingomar!

INGOMAR (*rushing in from the opposite side of the stage*).

Who called? Was't not

Her voice?

(*Looking towards the side scenes*).

What! Ambivar!—A sword—a sword!

(*He snatches up the sword he had previously dropped*).

Ha! here it is! and it shall drink his blood!

[*Exit quickly; after a short pause, PARTHENIA rushes forth from the bushes.*]

PARTHENIA.

Woe's me! What horror!

INGOMAR (*who re-enters sword in hand, following her*).

Stay! Why fliest thou? Stay!

'Tis I indeed—'tis I!—How pale thou lookest!

Thou faint'st, Parthenia!—Let mine arm support thee!

PARTHENIA.

Away! There's blood upon thy hand!

INGOMAR.

He's dead!

And may his fate be warning to the rest!
Thou droop'st thy head!—did their rough, lawless hands,
So rude and awkward, seize upon my flower?
Why dost thou tremble? Did they hurt thee?—Hurt
thee!
They shall smart well for this—all, man by man,
I' the dust I'll drag them here before thy feet!

PARTHENIA.

Hark!—footsteps—clash of arms!

INGOMAR.

I am with thee,
And now no power on earth hath strength to harm thee!

PARTHENIA.

Yonder, alas! they're coming!

INGOMAR.

Let them come!

A spirit on eagle pinions rustles o'er
My head; the breath of gods stirs through my limbs,
And if Heaven's lightnings do not strike me down,
To all that man can do, I bid defiance!

[*During INGOMAR's last words, ALASTOR, TRIB-
NOBANT, NOVIO, SAMO, and other Tecto-
sages enter, armed with spears, swords, and
clubs, and advance in a threatening manner
to the front.*

INGOMAR (*advancing towards them*).

Say, then, what means all this? What brings ye? Speak!

ALASTOR (*after a pause*).

Blood has been shed, and it cries out for vengeance;
With thy sword thou hast stricken Ambivar!

INGOMAR.

I did so, for that he with outrage laid
His hand on her, who's mine.

ALASTOR.

She is not thine!
The spoil remains in common, till divided;
So 'twas resolved.

SAMO.

Give up the woman straight!

NOVIO.

Take her by force!

INGOMAR.

Come on! all of ye!

PARTHENIA (*throwing herself into INGOMAR's arms*).

Hold!

They are too many for thee. Hold! They'll kill thee!

INGOMAR.

Away, wench—men are battling here! Come on!

ALASTOR (*advancing between INGOMAR and the Tectosages*).

Hold! I say too, and hearken to me, comrades!
We chose thee for our leader, Ingomar!

Adjudging thee the fifth part of the spoil,
That so there might be one, who'd smooth away
Discords and brawls; who might our interests guard,
And laws. But thou hast given thyself to sloth;
In our despite dost claim the slave as thine,
And in wild anger slay'st thy warrior comrade;
So thou, the guardian and the shield of law,
Both law and peace with double crime hast broken,
And ill rewarding honourable trust——

INGOMAR.

Nor law nor peace I've broken—he did that,
Who, taking her, robbed ye as much as me,
And hath deserved his fate more ways than one.
But touching now your choice of me—know then,
I am all wearied, an unruly troop
Like ye to hold in curb; then choose your road
Yourselves—henceforth be all bonds loosed between us!
This maiden mine remains, but the fifth part
O' the spoil, which for my pains ye did award me,
As compensation take for Ambivar,
And as amends for her! Say then, if this
Content ye? if not—then let the sword decide!

TRINOBANT.

The fifth part of the spoil!

NOVIO.

Doth he say that?

ALASTOR.

Ten beeves at least would fall to him by right,
And twice that number sheep.

SAMO.

Rare gain for us !

ALASTOR (*after a short pause, during which he whispers with the rest*).

I deem it, Ingomar, we are agreed;
Thou dost demand no portion of the spoil ?

INGOMAR.

That have I said.

ALASTOR.

Then let the slave be thine !
And homeward now, if thou wilt lead our march,
True, as before, we will obey thee, all.

INGOMAR.

My mind is fixed. All bonds are loosed between us !
To our neighbours I will go—to the Arverni,
Or toward the Pyrenean, to view new lands
And customs not our own. Then ye—depart !
I shall remain.

ALASTOR.

Bethink thee yet !—the foray
On the Allobroges——

INGOMAR.

I *have* thought of it ;
Fare ye well, all !

ALASTOR.

Thou too, farewell !—And ye,
Strike tents, and homeward let us wend our way !

INGOMAR (*to* PARTHENIA—*while* ALASTOR *and the rest*
of the Tectosages slowly retire).

Be re-assured now, maiden!—They depart;
And hadst thou not turned pale and trembled, they
Had not come off so cheap in this exchange.
And now drive all those anxious looks away!
Sit here, and rest thee!

PARTHENIA.

Ingomar! I thank thee!

INGOMAR.

How! Thanks!—For what?

PARTHENIA.

I know thou hast but done
The bidding of thy heart; yet that thy heart
Did prompt thee thus, that I, when spurned at home,
Found one that saved me in the wilderness;
For that, let me in thee still thank the gods!—
Forget not me, who ne'er will thee forget!
And so farewell!

INGOMAR.

Farewell!—What say'st thou? What!
Thou wilt not follow me to the Arverni?

PARTHENIA.

Thou hast given me my freedom—let me then
Depart unto my home!

INGOMAR.

I—give thee freedom!
I!—dost thou dream?

PARTHENIA.

How? Dost revoke thy word?

INGOMAR.

My word—in truth it seems I had—but if
My word I gave—so be't, and so depart!

PARTHENIA.

I thank thee!

INGOMAR.

No! Parthenia! no! It seems
To me, as 'twould be day on earth no more,
As if the sun were quenched in endless night!—
I cannot yet believe that thou wilt go.

PARTHENIA.

My parents wait their child's return——

INGOMAR.

Ay! So

It is! and so depart!——

No!—no! Bethink thee
Of the dark wood—the dizzy precipice—
The fearful chasms of roaring cataracts—
The wolf and bear that lurk in yonder caves—
And thou—wilt go alone——

PARTHENIA.

Alone I came,

And thus will I return.

INGOMAR.

Thou shalt not—no!

Alastor shall escort thee—Novio too—
Ho there!

PARTHENIA.

No!—bear and wolf were safer, than
Those savage men!

INGOMAR.

What! Thou dost think—In truth,
That were to set the wolf the lamb to guard.
Then now——

(Suddenly exclaiming).
Myself will be thine escort!

PARTHENIA.

Thou?

INGOMAR.

Why dost thou gaze on me so searchingly?
Dost deem me but scant better than the rest?
Parthenia! No!—I am not what I was!
Ne'er knew I fear,—and scarce in childhood, tears;
And thou hast taught me both of them to-day.
Fear me no more! Believe me! Trust in me!
I call on all the Gods to witness that——

PARTHENIA.

No! Do not swear! Methinks, thine eye doth speak
Truer and holier far, than oaths can utter;
And if that lie, then all is false on earth!—
'Tis well! Escort me then, and be my guide!

INGOMAR.

Thou dost consent—then come, and I will guide thee!
I'll seek for thee the forest's coolest shades;
The softest beds of turf; at every stone,
At every bramble, will I cry—beware!
And when the hills we climb, mine arm shall help
Thy steps—No! no! not help thee—it shall bear thee!
(He attempts to embrace her).

PARTHENIA (*retiring*).

Am I a child, that thou shouldst wish to bear me?
Well trained am I to walk, ascend, and clamber;
Fear not! with thee an equal step I'll keep;
Thine arm I shall not need—thy hand alone
Must here and there for me point out the way.

INGOMAR.

And so thou mean'st——

PARTHENIA.

I mean thou shouldst go first—
For he who points the way should walk before.
But near I'll follow thee——

INGOMAR.

Thou'lt follow!

PARTHENIA.

And

Should danger threat——

INGOMAR.

I'll ward it from thy head.

PARTHENIA.

And then, at times, on level paths, we will
Together walk in converse, side by side;
And that thou mayst not go with empty hands,
Take yonder basket with the strawberries!

INGOMAR.

The basket!

PARTHENIA.

Yes! the basket.—Wilt thou not?

INGOMAR.

I will, for sure,—I will!

(He takes up the basket).

PARTHENIA.

But I—behold!

On my part will I bear thy spear and shield——

INGOMAR.

A burden, such——

PARTHENIA *(who has in the meantime grasped the spear which was leaning against the tree, and taken up the shield).*

No! Let me!—it doth please

Me well; I ever loved to handle arms;

Much of the father mingles in my blood—

And now—why this delay?—Thou hast the basket—

We must go now—dost hear me?—What! thou art

So grave, so still——

INGOMAR.

Methinks 'tis all a dream!—

Come! the nighest way leads down by yonder brook!

PARTHENIA.

Onward then, guide! and I will follow close!

*[Exit INGOMAR carrying the basket; PARTHENIA, with the shield on her arm, and the spear in her right hand, follows him.—
Scene closes.]*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A woody country; in the background, a distant view of Massilia, and of a portion of the sea. In the foreground on the left, a rocky height overgrown with bushes, from which a narrow path leads down towards, the centre of the stage. MYRON, ADRASTUS, and ELPENOR enter at the back of the stage.*

MYRON.

Shame, I say! Shame! The wolf will help the wolf;
One tendril of the bramble aids the other,
And holds right fast his arm, who stole the rose;
But yonder viper's nest, that brags of law
And customs civilized,—Massilia—views
Her citizens become a prey to bondage,•
And stirs no hand to free them; all unheeded,
Resounds afar her children's cry for help.
Shame, I say! Shame!

ADRASTUS.

Full well thou know'st, this is
Our fathers' usage, that the city shields us
Far as the shadow of her walls extends;
And thus, as yonder men had made thee captive
Far in the mountains——

MYRON.

Ha! the city shields us
Far as the shadow of her walls extends!
Which means—abide at home, so thou'lt be safe;
If not—then shield thyself! O statute wise!
Safeguard paternal!

ELPENOR.

Our forefathers' usage,
Their care too for the general weal of all——

MYRON.

Our fathers' usage! Are ye then your fathers?
The general weal! What, then, is my weal—Myron's—
Not also of the general weal a part?
Shame! I say, shame on ye all! Ye first deny
My child her father's ransom; then, when she,
Following her heart's most pious impulse, which
Reached far beyond the shadow of your walls,
Bows her own head for mine beneath the yoke,
Ye can refuse me now a handful men,
My only child to rescue from these robbers;
And ye are Greeks; and ye would boast of freedom!
O heartless race!

ELPENOR.

Of right, perhaps, thou sham'st
Massilia; yet cast not such blame on us;
We've been no strangers to thy grief.

ADRASTUS.

And if

We showed at first indifference to thy child,
When she besought our aid for thee,—it was
Because she sooner found the path to save thee,
Than we found hope and counsel.

MYRON.

She!—Ay! she is

In love a woman, and a man in soul!
But both of ye—now give me here your hands!
Ye mean it honestly, your hearts are true;
But others yonder—but that Polydore——

My gall arises when of him I think.—
Yes! they have all deserted my poor child,
Their mocks have answered to a father's prayer!

ELPENOR.

We'll help thee! We'll go raise the fishermen
By yonder shore; Salyes they are, 'tis true,
And natives to this soil, but friends to us,
And bred in hate of the Tectosages.

ADRASTUS.

His aid old Rhesus has already promised,
And Arbogastes next must be won o'er.

MYRON.

Yes! come! for this we're here! Now will we go
To yonder fishers, with persuasive words.
'Tis hard indeed, Massilia's son, a Greek,
Must list a barbarous tribe to draw the sword
Against their fellows; yet come! Oh! had age
Not numbed my strength, I had been man enough,
Alone to have battled with them all! But now
Away, to Arbogast——

ELPENOR.

Meantime, I'll knock
At Astor's hut, within yon alder grove,
For he, I know, is with us heart and soul.

MYRON.

Right! Seek him out, and bring us tidings then!
Thou'lt find us on the turf beneath the oak.
And now, away! She did not tarry thus,

When through the wilderness to me she pressed.
 Begone, I say! begone!

*[Exeunt—ELPENOR in the background, MYRON
 and ADRASTUS in the foreground. After
 a short interval, first INGOMAR, and then
 PARTHENIA, appear on the rocky eminence
 in the foreground.]*

INGOMAR.

Parthenia, hither!

Here lies the way!

PARTHENIA.

Yonder I think 'tis——

INGOMAR.

No!

Yonder path dips into the dark ravine,
 The haunt of eft and snake, and this way leads
 To the open plain.

PARTHENIA.

No! yonder to the plain's
 The road, and wherefore should I——

INGOMAR (*taking her by the hand, and leading her slowly
 down from the height*).

Do not go!

Remember yesterday!—amid the marsh—
 In vain I called—thy wilful mind thou followedst;
 Then sudden sank the ground beneath thy foot,
 And had I not from off thine arm the shield
 Straight snatched, and thrown to earth, that its broad
 surface
 Might bear thy steps returning, I could vouch——

PARTHENIA.

I had been sunk, indeed!

INGOMAR.

So had I been

With thee!

PARTHENIA.

I know thou hadst with me been sunk!—
I've brought, indeed, ill luck unto thy weapons;
Thy shield lies in the marsh, and yesternight,
On yonder heath, where moss and brushwood gave
But poor and scanty fuel, thou didst break
Thy spear, and of its fragments make a blaze,
To guard me from the biting frost of night.
Thou faithful guide!

INGOMAR.

Here! hither place thy foot!

PARTHENIA.

I know, thou mean'st me well, and evermore
Hast led me the best path—but now, methinks——

INGOMAR.

Even now! And see, the wood grows lighter here,
And the wild hills slope downward to the plain!

PARTHENIA.

By Heaven! thou art right! The forest shades
Are left behind—almost it seems, as if
I knew this spot. Was it not here indeed,
When for my father's sake I left my home,
Upon the threshold of the mountains I
Prayed prostrate, and implored the gods for courage,
For strength and victory?

INGOMAR.

Here, deem'st thou? No!
Sure thou mistak'st;—thy home is yet afar—
It must be yet afar.

PARTHENIA.

No! here,—'twas here!

(*Turning towards the background*).

Look! yonder rolls the sea, and yonder rise
In purple light, the fane of Artemis,—
Massilia's citadel,—my father's roof!

(*Kneeling*).

And here once more I bow me to the dust.—
Ye powers of Heaven, who o'er my path have watched,
Receive my thanks! the embassy of love
Is now achieved, and safe ye bring me home!

INGOMAR (*aside*).

Would in the marsh I lay beside my shield!

PARTHENIA (*springing up*).

Again shall I behold my parents dear,
And sink into their arms, weeping with joy,
And drink glad tears from off their aged cheeks!
Oh, let me greet thee, city of my fathers!
Like a God's smile, the sky of eve glows round
On gate and portico, on tower and rampart!
Oh, long mayst thou, in the deep blue of heaven,
Uprear thy proud and famed battlements!
Let centuries come and roll away, but thou
Stand ever glorious—fabric of my race!
And thou—but speak now——

INGOMAR.

I? What should I say?

PARTHENIA.

What! dost thou pout, like to a froward child,
When joy has lent its wings unto my soul!
With me thou'st borne the sun's meridian ray,
The nightly frost, the toils of the rough path,—
And wilt not joy with me to reach the goal?

INGOMAR.

Joy with thee? No! I cannot, and—by Heaven!
I will not either,—wherefore should I joy?
Oh, that yon town lay sunk beneath the wave,
And ships sailed o'er its topmost battlements,
And sedge and reeds arose in place of towers!

PARTHENIA.

What moves thee now?

INGOMAR.

At the goal say'st thou? Ay!
We're at the goal—and shall I joy for that?
Alone with thee—the open sky above—
And round us woods, and fens, and silence deep,
Then did I joy, for *I* was then thy world—
I—I alone; the stillness was so drear,
So vast the desert, danger too so nigh;
Then drew we near together, soul to soul!
But yonder walls their chilling shadows cast
Between us now, and separate two hearts
Distress first joined, and solitude allied.

PARTHENIA.

They do not separate.—And yet—how is it?—
In truth, now first I think on't—we must part!

INGOMAR.

What say'st thou?—part! Ay! truly 'tis the word!
This then it was that wrung my heart at sight

Of yonder city. 'Twas the name alone
Was wanting to the thought—'tis found! To part!
Yes! we must part, for what could I do yonder?
I, the rough savage, polished Greeks among;
I, the free man, hemmed in by yonder walls?
Yes! we must part! One glance, one greeting more,
And downward there thy homeward path will lead,
And mine conduct me to my hills again;
Thy parting steps are heard—and all is o'er!—
Woman! I would that I had ne'er beheld thee!

PARTHENIA.

So would I too, and would—but let us part!
So must it be!

INGOMAR.

Must it? And if I now
Seized thee with this strong arm, even as the vulture
Seizes the dove, and bore thee——
No! that was,
But is no more! For what should I possess,
Possessing thee, but having not thy love?
I know thou wilt but love, when a true spirit
Hath with a gentle, modest, tender striving,
Half drawn thee to it, half given thee itself;
Companioned thou wouldst be, upborne, and guarded;
And have I not done this? Have I not led
Thee safe, through wood, ravine, and treacherous fen?
Did I not bear thee o'er the forest stream?
And then, when evening dark and darker grew,
A fire I kindled, until slumber came
And took thee in its arms—a wearied child;
Then sat I by, to watch the dreams that bloomed
All rosy bright around thy murmuring lips.
I was a faithful guide—say, was I not?

PARTHENIA.

All's dim before mine eyesight !

(*Holding out her hand to INGOMAR*).

Yes ! thou wert

A faithful guide.

INGOMAR.

See ! I have kept my word
To thee ; then do not thou deceive my trust !
No more of parting ! Stay with me ! Be mine !
I stand among the first men of my nation ;
Rich are the spoils that deck my tent at home.
And fear thou not constraint of customs strange ;
Follow thy country's usages, and feel thee
Free as myself,—the ruler, not the slave,
Within our dwelling, where thou uncontrolled
Shalt reign, and yield but to petition's power !
Come then ! Oh, come ! I'll build for us a hut
O'ershadowed by the forest's arching roof ;
Before, a strip of meadow ;—nigh, a brook ;
All green and quiet round ; and evening's light,
The woods' perfume, will penetrate our home !
Come then ! Oh come ! Methinks I see the spot !
Say ay ! Be mine ! Soon shall that hut be raised !

PARTHENIA (*turning away from him—aside*).

Ah me ! Mine ear intoxicated drinks
Those honeyed words !

INGOMAR.

What ! dost cast down thine eyes ?
Thou'rt silent ! Dost mistrust me ? By high Heaven !
The truth I've spoken ! I will hold thee with
As soft a pressure, with a touch as tender,
As holds thy hand the garland which it wreathes ;
I'll watch thine eye for every wish ; if thou

But think—it shall be done ; daily I'll bring thee
 Fat stags, and tender roe-deer, to our home ;
 And all that moves the fin amid the stream,
 Or cleaves the air with wings, shall pay thee tribute ;
 No merchant bark shall touch upon our coasts,
 But shall be taxed on all its wares for thee ;
 Rich, honoured shalt thou be—words fail me, but
 All that one man can give thee, shall be thine.
 Be mine ! but mine ! nor talk of parting more !

PARTHENIA (*much agitated*).

No ! no ! away ! Be dumb, ye Siren songs !

INGOMAR.

Thou wilt not ?

PARTHENIA (*collecting herself*).

List to me !

INGOMAR.

Thou'lt not believe me——

PARTHENIA.

Hear me thou must ! Look ! I wish well to thee,
 And better than thou deem'st ; and didst thou know—
 But that remains between me and my gods—
 Enough ! Know this !—The maidens of my nation,
 Even though our choice be free, do sacred deem
 Our parents' counsel, that directs our bent ;
 And well I know, my parents——

INGOMAR.

They are far——

PARTHENIA.

Here lives their image, and here speaks their voice ;
 It says—what ! wouldst thou, scarce of late escaped,

By favour of the gods, the slavish yoke ;
Follow the stranger, and for him forsake
Thy parents, and thy country's polished ways,—
His wife, the foeman's wife to be—like him,
A stranger, and the mate of——?

INGOMAR.

Why that pause?
Speak ! Say it all !—The mate of the Barbarian !
Such is the name, I know, and such thy thought.

PARTHENIA.

I think that thou art noble and art good ;
A shining star, but shadowed by a cloud ;
A bowl of generous wine, that only lacks
The wreath ; and if thy native manners rude
Did not the treasures of thy heart conceal,
As the rough shell can hide the brightest pearl,
Well mightst thou be the glory of thy wife ;
Pale envy must grow dumb before thy worth ;
Even slander, though her destined prey's escaped,
Must grudging whisper—" 'Tis a man indeed !"
So would it be, hadst thou been born a Greek ;
Were justice, law, and order not unknown
To thee ; brute strength thy god—the sword thine um-
pire !
Yet so it is——

INGOMAR.

Go on ! Keep nothing back !
Say all thou canst, and empty all thy quiver !

PARTHENIA.

The gods have shown to men unequal favour ;
To some they riches give, to others, want—
But love accounts it not : this man boasts charms,

Another lacks—but love accounts it not:
 But one thing there must be, in which the heart
 And the soul's impulses united meet;
 One godlike thing, that radiant beams on high
 Throughout the storms of life—'tis law and custom!
 One common law, one common sacred custom,
 Must lovers bind, so that respect refine,
 And lend duration to the glow of youth;
 And this it is,—even this! An ocean lies
 Between us—an abyss, mountains can fill not!—
 I am a Greek—thou art a Tectosage!

INGOMAR.

A Tectosage! But speak thy thought in full,
 And add—a cattle-stealer, a land-spoiler,
 A waylayer of——

PARTHENIA.

Ingomar!

INGOMAR.

Tis thus!

I marked thy words—yes, it is even thus!
 Thou art ashamed of me!—Enough! Farewell!
 Thou saidst that we must part—thou saidst the truth;
 It must be so—so be't!

PARTHENIA.

And wilt thou part
 In anger? Stay! I will not leave thee, till
 Thou first hast heard me.

INGOMAR.

I will hear no more!
 Mine ear's too full already with thy words.
 But anger—no! thou speak'st as they speak yonder;

But in my inmost heart I feel assured,
 That we are men too—we Barbarians. Ye
 May boast of polish, walk with measured step—
 An upright mind soars far above all customs,
 Though wild it grow, even like the forest tree!
 Mark this! and think of me—and—'tis enough!
 Farewell!

(Turning to go away).

PARTHENIA.

Farewell! No, stay! Thou shalt not go
 Without a gift, that still, in distant days,
 May life and colour to my image lend.

INGOMAR.

No need of that!

PARTHENIA *(handing her dagger to him)*.

Take this!

INGOMAR *(seizing the dagger)*.

The dagger! Ha!

Dost mock me? Must my memory tell, that once
 My madness armed thine own hand 'gainst thy life?

PARTHENIA.

It shall remind thee, that, three days and nights,
 Alone, through fen, and wood, and thorny brake,
 Careful, supporting, watching, thou didst guard me,
 And never gave me cause its hilt to touch;
 Of this let it remind thee!—Go now—go!

INGOMAR *(who advances quickly towards PARTHENIA,
 then suddenly stops.—After a pause)*.

Farewell!

[Exit quickly.]

PARTHENIA.

He's gone! he's gone! Almighty Gods!
 And he could go indeed—let him depart!
 For I can bear it, if that he can go!
 Did I not bid him go? and must he not?
 Must, must—that word sounds hollow like a tomb!
 He's gone!—How green, how bright was all,—and now
 How faint and dim appears the glimmering sunshine!
 How pale the turf around,—the leaves how faded!
 To me it seems that the young spring were dead.
 What—tears! But no!—I will not weep—it must
 Be so, and all that agitates this heart,
 Ye Gods! may that be at your feet laid down,
 And may ye, gracious, turn it to my welfare!
 Oh, much already hath your goodness given!
 Yonder my home invites me; I shall find
 Once more, my parents, friends, and playmates,—there
 Our faithful dog springs fawning on me, and
 There simpers Polydore, my wealthy suitor!—
 I shudder at his image in my mind!
 With what scorn did he not deny my prayer,
 Which yet moved yonder son o' the wilderness!
 He surely—had I said to him—“ Help! Save
 My aged sire!”—he had not stayed to ponder,
 But straightway had set out upon the journey,
 And, 'spite the threats of adverse multitudes,
 Had rescued, had restored him to his home.
 Oh! verdant was his spirit, like his forests!

INGOMAR (*who has lingered in the background, and now
 slowly advances*).

Parthenia!

PARTHENIA (*shrieking*).

Thou!—thou returned!

INGOMAR.

'Tis I!

And sooth to say, from thee I cannot part;
Cannot, I say,—I cannot. None can do
More than he hath the power of doing; beyond
That point begins our destiny—and mine,
My destiny bids me—to cling to thee.

PARTHENIA.

What! Dost thou mean——

INGOMAR.

Look! I have thought on't well!

Thou'rt not ashamed of me, but of my customs:
But though I am no Greek, yet am I still
A man, and that must everywhere have worth.
The gods themselves approve an honest man;
So must it be with thee, and yonder nation:
It must be so. Parthenia! is't not true
Of *me* thou'rt not ashamed?

PARTHENIA.

Ashamed of *thee*!

INGOMAR.

Methought thou wert, and, blind with that delusion,
Sudden and rude from thee I turned away,
As if our customs were a world to me,
And not like this fur garment on my limbs,
Convenient through habit and long wear.
Have I not cast away my shield, that lies
Afar, amid the marsh? Have I not broken
My spear? What more to me is this fur garb?

PARTHENIA.

What say'st thou—what?

(Aside).

My heart throbs as 'twould burst!

INGOMAR.

Ideas, and not garments, make the man;
If these be cumbrous, wherefore should I wear them?
In a new garb my heart will beat the same.
Thus I throw off the customs of my nation,
And follow thee within yon city's walls.
I will become a Greek.

PARTHENIA.

Follow me—thou!

(Aside).

My breast feels all too narrow for my joy!

INGOMAR.

And see! right glad I feel at this resolve;
I know there is full much I must acquire,
Full much to learn—but, by the bright sun! this
Consoles me,—well I know that I shall learn it;
Thou lov'st me now!—I feel it!—like the song
Of triumph, like the voice of gods, it thrills me;
Thou lov'st me now,—wilt love me more and more!

PARTHENIA.

(Aside).

And who, then, O ye heavens! would not love him?

(Aloud).

Thou'lt follow me, thou say'st, into Massilia—

And lives there some friend yonder, who'd receive thee?

INGOMAR.

Some friend—receive me!—No!—what need? I'd ask
 The first man whom I met upon the way,
 For salt and fire—as't might be yonder men,
 For Greeks their garb proclaims them.

PARTHENIA.

Yonder men!

Eternal Gods! if in this single hour,
 Ye thus shower all good fortune on my head,
 What for the rest of life shall then remain?
 'Tis he! 'tis he!

*(Falling into the arms of MYRON, who enters accompanied
 by ELPENOR).*

My Father!

MYRON.

My own child!

Thou here!—thou saved! Given back to me again!
 Thanks, Heavenly Powers! But no!—I thank ye not!
 Wherefore was I permitted not to save her?
 I—I alone—had all yon robber band——

(Perceiving INGOMAR, and retreating in terror).

How—what? Adrastus, here! Elpenor! Help!
 Lo! the Tectosages——

PARTHENIA.

Be not afraid—

'Twas he, this Ingomar, who gave thy child
 Her freedom, and with guardian care has led
 Her back unto her home, and to thine arms.

MYRON.

He, say'st thou? He!—So the man came alone——

PARTHENIA.

A friend, a suitor, now to thee he comes,
 And though of right he can protection claim,
 Yet let my intercession too, remind
 Thy gratitude, that thou to him mayst shew
 Such gentle kindness as he shewed thy child.
 Come, hear him now!—and thou meanwhile, Elpenor!
 Speak to me of my mother,—of Theano,—
 Of all our friends, and tell me all thou knowest;
 Desire lends value to the poorest news.

MYRON (*who in the meanwhile, led by PARTHENIA, has
 approached INGOMAR*).

(*Aside*).

Alone he came—that is far different—Ha!
 Right welcome to Massilia's territory!
 I did not think so soon again to have seen thee.

INGOMAR.

Nor did I thee—yet it hath happened so.

MYRON.

So hath it happened, yes!

INGOMAR.

Parthenia told thee,
 I came to thee a suitor, and 'tis so;
 Much do I ask in a few words. Be thou
 My friend; yet more—be thou my teacher! give
 Thy hand, and point the way to me, thy pupil;
 Take me beneath thy roof, and teach me all
 Your customs; teach me 'midst the Greeks to be
 Like them—a Greek. All this I ask of thee;
 Do thou then grant me this!

MYRON.

What say'st thou?—I!

I—take thee to my house!

INGOMAR.

'Twill be my home,

And sacred shall I deem it.

MYRON.

What! His home!

He'll quit it then no more!—Greek customs then
Thou wouldst expect to learn—and these from me?
My head's confused!

(Aside).

The varlet's stout, 'tis true,

And in my trade might help me well——

INGOMAR.

Speak! What

Is thy resolve?

MYRON.

Now, understand me right;

Full well I know, I owe thee many thanks;

But see! I am but a poor armourer;

And wouldst thou be my guest, with me thou must

Share too the toil and cares of poverty,

And with our rules and usages comply.

INGOMAR.

I will comply with all.

MYRON.

Then first thou must

Throw off that garb of fur.

INGOMAR.

Well! Be it so!

MYRON.

Then clip thy hair and beard——

INGOMAR.

My hair and beard!

These are esteemed among my race, as signs
Of free descent;—free wave the freeman's locks;
But yet, my freedom——Well! they shall be shorn.

MYRON.

Now, so far well.

(*Aside*).

Quite tame the man has grown,
Yet he was wilder than a colt unbroken.

(*Aloud*).

So much then for thy garb! Now hear me further!
I've tillage fields, and meadows,—on yon hill
Some vineyards too, and here and there at times
With plough and rake we labour; therefore, see!
This must thou also do——

INGOMAR.

But sure not toil
With plough and rake, and do the work of slaves,
Like mole and badger rooting in the earth?

MYRON.

Ha! what hath moved thee now?

INGOMAR.

Slaves only guide,
With us, the plough—it only suits the slave;
And if thou wilt thus make a slave of me—
By Heaven's own thunder!——

MYRON.

Oh! I've done! I've done!
The gods know well, that I want nought with thee;
But thou thyself didst wish to be a Greek;
Now we are of a race that tills the soil,
And should need be, then each one aids the work;
Not I alone,—Actæa too, my wife—
And she there—she herself—all lend a hand.

INGOMAR.

Parthenia, say'st thou?

MYRON.

Yes! Who else? She helps
As well as any——

INGOMAR.

How! Parthenia help——
Even she.—In truth, the work that one may do,
Is nought; 'tis but the sense in which we do it;
Well then, to this too I'll subject me!

MYRON.

Now,
If that be so, thou'lt surely aid me at
Mine anvil, when I forge and fashion swords.

INGOMAR.

I'd like that well! There power contends with power;
“Ay!” quoth the hammer—and “No!” shrieks the
steel!
To fashion swords—'twere pleasant that indeed!
Well nigh as pleasant as to brandish——

MYRON.

Brandish!

What, brandish swords!—Oh no! no brandishing!
 For quiet folk are we, and fond of peace;
 And therefore—now I think on't—'twere as well
 Thou shouldst give me thy sword——

INGOMAR.

My sword!

MYRON.

Why, yes!

'Tis under grievous penalties forbid
 To walk Massilia armed; then give it me!
 I'll keep it for thee.

INGOMAR.

I—give thee my sword!

My sword—a father's heritage——

(*Snatching his sword from his belt, and passionately extending it towards MYRON.*)

This sword,

That long hath given protection, victory, spoil,
 To me!—I, let this sword e'er quit my side!

MYRON (*retreating in terror from INGOMAR.*)

Parthenia!

INGOMAR.

Give thee this sword indeed!—

My best blood sooner.—Ay! my very life!
 I am my sword, for man and sword are one;
 Then come who will, and take it—if he can!

PARTHENIA (*who until now has been conversing apart with ELPENOR, advancing.*)

What strive ye for?

MYRON.

He'll not give up his sword;
And heavy penalties, thou know'st, await him
Who walks Massilia armed.

PARTHENIA.

He that would seek an end, must make beginning.
(*She approaches INGOMAR, and taking the sword from his
hand, delivers it to MYRON.*)
There is the sword!—and now, the sun is setting,—
I long to see my mother—let us go!

MYRON.

He gave the sword.—Yes! wonders have been wrought!
Thou freed—the sword—But homeward haste, my child!
That sight of thee may sooner glad thy mother.
My thanks, Elpenor! to the valiant fishers;
Good fortune makes us need their aid no more.
Come then!

[*Exit, with ELPENOR.*]

PARTHENIA (*who is going, turns round*).

Why dost thou linger, Ingomar?

INGOMAR (*starting, as if from a dream*).

What! Ingomar!—Can that mean me? Am I
Then really Ingomar? My brain's confused,
I feel the earth unsteady 'neath my foot;—
Scarce do I know that I was e'er that man!

[*While he slowly follows the others, the Scene
closes.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*The same as in Act I.*

ELPENOR (*entering from MYRON'S house, and speaking to him within*).

Why dost thou tarry, Myron? Come, they wait thee!

MYRON (*appearing upon the steps of the house*).

Behold me! I will follow thee with speed;
I did but doff my smutted work-day garb,
Before the council seemly to appear.

(*Calling into the house*).

The girdle here, Actæa,—and the mantle!

ELPENOR.

I will go forth, and tell them of thy coming.

MYRON.

No! Stay! and tell me once again—is't truth,
Which, pale with terror, thou didst whisper me?

ELPENOR.

The heights around swarm with Tectosages;
The Senators have called thee to the council;
'Tis thus, as I did say.

ACTÆA (*who in the meantime has entered from the house with PARTHENIA, and bears MYRON'S girdle and cloak*).

Eternal Gods!—

What say ye?

MYRON.

Women, what doth it concern ye?
The mantle, here, Parthenia!

ACTÆA.

Myron, speak!
Tectosages, ye say, before the gates?

MYRON.

Well, well! be calm! they are not yet within them;
And if no treachery ope our locks and bars——

ACTÆA.

'Twill ope them! Treachery dwells everywhere!
Even yonder savages will find their helpers—
Be sure, they will.—Ay! and perchance such are
Already found——

MYRON.

What!—are already found?
Traitors, dost say?——

ACTÆA.

The flames upon our hearth
Crackled not vainly, when he first did step
Across our threshold,—they gave warning, but
In vain——

ELPENOR.

Why, yes! 'Tis Ingomar she means,
The Tectosage, thy pupil.

MYRON.

If 'tis he
Thou meanest, there's no cause for fearing.

PARTHENIA.

No!

He is no spy, no traitor!

MYRON.

Right, I say!

Honest is Ingomar, and constant ever;
 He knows that well, who's marked him at the plough,
 And at the anvil. He is strong—the weak
 Alone are false; then be consoled——

ELPENOR.

Come now!

They wait for thee.

MYRON (*partly forced away by ELPENOR*).

Be tranquil! Do not vex
 Thy mind with terrors that are all unreal!
 Know that the Senators have summoned me
 As one acquainted with those savages;
 Then be consoled! No hammer yet was forged
 But found its shaft, and for this, too, a cause
 And handle will be found. Now, I at least,
 I fear not the Tectosages — not I—
 That have I proved.

ELPENOR (*drawing him away*).

Come now! I pray thee—come!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTÆA.

There he is gone, while I'm distraught with fears!
 The foe before the gates—he to the Council
 Summoned! If, 'stead of asking his advice,
 They bring him for his folly to account—
 To punishment perchance——

PARTHENIA.

Vex not thyself!
Of Ingomar the Senate knows already,
And did approve my father's taking him.

ACTÆA.

Alas that he did so!—that e'er he took him!
For well I know he brings our house ill fortune.

PARTHENIA.

He brought, I think, thy child back to thine arms.

ACTÆA.

He did so; but did he not, too, once draw
His sword on thee?—and did he not bear off
Thy father for his slave?—And good can come
To us from him indeed!—No! even his aspect,
His locks unshorn, his rough and tangled beard,
First gave my heart a pang.

PARTHENIA.

Now both he wears
Cut short, in the Greek fashion.

ACTÆA.

Through the streets
The hooting children called him Faun and Satyr,
For foul and shaggy skins his limbs enwrapt.

PARTHENIA.

Thou know'st that now clad like the rest he goes.

ACTÆA.

Ay! Greek may be his tunic and his mantle;
But figure, gait, the rude, harsh sounding voice,
The proud disdain in mien, in look, in word,

Still mark the wild Barbarian ; though he's doffed
His garb of fur, a savage he remains,
And ever to him cleaves the forest smell.

PARTHENIA.

Well may that be, since evermore his soul
Breathes freedom, strength, and courage, like his forests!

ACTÆA.

The rude strength of the bear !—Did not the savage,
Late, at the festal games of Artemis,
Half strangle his opponent in the wrestling,
And smite another with his cestus dead?

PARTHENIA.

But smote he not the wolf, too, that so long
Ravaged the land?—and late, when in the haven,
Lysippus' skiff was wrestling with the storm,
Who risked his life amid the waves to save him?
Who, at the anvil toiling, or the plough,
Like him, spares labour to my aged sire?

ACTÆA.

Ay ! he does that—I know it—and he too ;—
And hammers on, and scarce of me takes heed.
But I, though his behaviour show, as if
He were as true as gold,—still I persist,—
I fear he is the foeman's spy—a traitor,
And that will I before his face assert.
Where hides he?

(*Calling into the house*).

Ingomar!

PARTHENIA.

No, mother ! Leave him !
By all the gods ! respect the rights of guests !
His heart knows nought of craft and treachery.

ACTÆA.

No! I say——

(*Calling*).

Ingomar!—Now shalt thou see,
How guilt will make him tremble, shrink, and blush;
Let happen then what may!—Ho! Ingomar!

PARTHENIA.

Oh, how thou dost misjudge his guileless soul,
His honest heart!

INGOMAR (*entering from the house, and descending the steps*).

Behold me! Didst thou call me?

ACTÆA.

Thou'rt come at last! Thrice did I call to thee.

INGOMAR.

I hammered at the forge—and sung a lay—
And so it must have been, that——

ACTÆA.

Right! A lay—
And sung for joy at prospect of a meeting;
For (but thou know'st it,) the Tectosages
Our town beleaguer.

INGOMAR.

The Tectosages!
'Tis then this route they've taken toward the land
Of the Allobroges, for thither was
A foray late resolved on.

ACTÆA.

Ah! Indeed!

A foray 'tis, on the Allobroges!
 But thou wilt profit by this lucky chance
 To seek thy friends once more.

INGOMAR.

No! Wherefore should

I do so? They their own way take, and I
 Go mine.

ACTÆA.

So! Yet some people are, who hold
 Opinion, who conjecture, who affirm,
 Thy way and theirs is much the same.

INGOMAR.

What say they?

My way and theirs——

ACTÆA.

Why yes!—'tis said, indeed,
 That thou hast slipped in here for this alone,—
 To ope our gates to yon beleaguering bands.

INGOMAR.

I!—Who says that?

ACTÆA.

I—in thy teeth I tell thee!
 Thou art a spy, yes! and a traitor too!
 That art thou——

INGOMAR.

But I tell thee—woman——No!
 I'll tell thee nought.

[*Exit into the house.*]

ACTÆA.

He goes!—He goes in silence,
 And mocks my anger—does not deem it worth
 His while, to stay and speak at all with me!
 He dares it—Must I let a thing like him
 Brave me?—me—Myron's wife—a citizen
 Of fair Massilia?

PARTHENIA (*advancing towards the house, and calling
 within*).

Ingomar!

ACTÆA.

Thou call'st him!—
 A second time must I his rudeness bear?

PARTHENIA.

No! He shall answer give, shall stay and speak
 To thee.

ACTÆA.

Now will I have no answer more;
 And were it—yet what thoughts are these? When peril
 Threatens perchance thy father's head, and draws me
 After him to the citadel. Meanwhile
 List thou to Ingomar—as wont—believe him!
 And may the gods direct it to our welfare!
 I know him well, he ne'er shall hoodwink me.

[*Exit at the back of the stage.*]

PARTHENIA (*walking a few steps up and down dejectedly*).

She goes, in anger, and the fault is his,
 His all alone—though she's unjust to him.

[INGOMAR *enters from the house, and descends
 the steps slowly, with his head bowed
 down.*]

PARTHENIA.

He's there! Come hither! Speak! Know'st thou not,
that

Long since our customs have the slavish yoke
Of woman loosed, to place her as the equal
Of man,—his friend—the partner of his rights?

INGOMAR.

I know ye hold it thus.

PARTHENIA.

And therefore did I
Not bid thee ever with respect approach
The wife of Myron, my own mother? Now,
Dost call't respect, on her to turn thy back?
Speak then! Did I not oft of this remind thee?
If so, why hast thou not obeyed my words?

INGOMAR.

Thou didst say so—but thou didst also say,
That if thy mother, as old age is wont,
Should blame me without grounds in angry mood,
I then should hold my peace, and go away.
Thus then I went, and held my peace.

PARTHENIA.

And couldst thou
Not calm and cheerful look her in the face,
And gently say—"No! thou mistak'st; I am
No spy, no traitor."—Yet thou gav'st the rein,
As ever is thy wont, unto thy humour,
And mad'st me too an object for her wrath.

INGOMAR.

Thou too art angry with me?

PARTHENIA.

Wilt thou then
Ne'er learn to take men in their mood, and, ere
Thou speak'st, to measure words, and weigh their im-
port?

INGOMAR.

I ne'er shall learn it, ne'er! Much pains I took,
And stamped thy words full deep upon my heart,
And, ere I slept, repeated them all o'er;
By plough and anvil did I ponder on them,
In hopes full soon to make your ways mine own.
Adroitness, polished speech, modes delicate—
I ne'er shall learn it!

PARTHENIA.

But take courage, thou
Hast learnt full well already.

INGOMAR.

Oh, my forests!
There the heart stamps our words at their full worth,
And ever as the thought, so is the deed;
But ye—ye trammel all your life in forms,
In—"Good day!" "Thank ye well!" "May I beseech
ye!"
Ye call that polished, pleasing, courteous, fair;—
I cannot learn this, and shall never learn it.
Whate'er I feel, if it be love or hate,
Pleasure or pain,—it rushes from my lips,
Moves in my features, flashes in my glance.
I must do so; I am but what I am;
I can none other be.

PARTHENIA.

Nor shouldst thou be;
I would not have thee other than thou art

It glads me well to know, that what thy glance,
 Thy features, or thy lips proclaim, is true,
 Is honest all, is all most deeply felt.
 But even the frankness of a noble soul
 May need restraint. See! thou hast learnt so much,
 Respected Law and Order, hast forsworn
 The bloodstained worship of thy former gods
 For those my nation's creed with art adorns;
 Already art thou grown in heart a Greek;
 Thou need'st but gentleness and polish now,
 And that will come. He who from out the block
 Hath shaped the image of a god, must sure
 Learn next to give due smoothness to the marble.

INGOMAR (*approaching* PARTHENIA).

And if I've learnt it, if that be attained,
 Parthenia! if I then——

PARTHENIA (*drawing back*).

Thou hast not learnt
 It yet,—thou wilt not learn't so quick——

INGOMAR.

See now!

So art thou ever. 'Stead of recompense
 For mine, thy scholar's diligence, thou dost
 Still further from me move the wished-for goal.
 Nay! thou deniest me now what erst was granted;
 Then thou wert wont to seek me, to encourage,
 To tell me legends, and to sing me lays:
 But now thou shunn'st me, now thou fliest my presence——

PARTHENIA.

And have I not conversed with thee even now?
 Thou must learn this too,—thankful to enjoy
 The kindness of a moment.

INGOMAR.

Yes, I will!

Thou speak'st to me, thine eyes are bent on me;
Farewell, what's past, and happen now what may!
Nor back, nor forward will I look—let but
Mine eyes intoxicated gaze on thine!

MYRON (*without*).

Parthenia! Parthenia!

PARTHENIA.

Hark! My father!

MYRON (*at first without, and then entering hurriedly
with ACTÆA*).

Hither, Parthenia!

PARTHENIA.

Here I am, my father!

MYRON.

'Tis well! And Ingomar?—Here too!—'Tis well!

ACTÆA.

What ails thee? Speak! What drives thee madly thus
Along the streets? Shall I then hear at last?

MYRON.

Some air!—Let me have breath first!—Know, that he
Will soon be here—

ACTÆA.

Who then?—The foe?

MYRON.

What foe?

No foe, but he, our honoured Timarch, comes
On Ingomar's account.

ACTÆA.

Now see! 'tis just
As I have said—he'd bring ill fortune to us!

MYRON.

There thou didst talk rank folly, for he brings us
Credit and honour. Lo! they're here already!
Go ye into the house, while I step forth
To greet his coming.

ACTÆA.

Credit—honour too!
My heart throbs like a hammer in my breast!

THE TIMARCH (*who in the meantime has entered with his
Attendants, addressing MYRON, who receives him with
deep reverence*).

Enough!—Now, Myron, let us come to business!
Where is thy pupil?

MYRON.

Here, most honoured Lord!
Will't please thee step with him into the house?

TIMARCH (*making a sign to his Attendants to retire*).
Why so? All here are thine—we are alone!
Come forward then!—Thy name is Ingomar?

INGOMAR.

Thou say'st it.

MYRON (*to INGOMAR, in a half whisper*).

But say, "Lord;"—dost understand?

ACTÆA (*in a half whisper to MYRON*).

Ay! teach the knave some courtesy of manners!

TIMARCH.

They tell me, thou wouldst learn our Grecian modes,
Nay, hast already learnt them, and wouldst now
Be all our own—Massilia's citizen?

INGOMAR.

Such is my wish——

TIMARCH.

That wish Massilia grants;
A house within the circuit of her walls
For thee she'll build, and add of land three hides,
And the full rights of citizen to boot.

INGOMAR.

What! this for me?

PARTHENIA.

Ye gracious Gods!

MYRON (*to ACTÆA*).

See, woman!

TIMARCH.

Yet more,—of silver thirty ounces shall
The child of Myron straight receive as dowry,
And she shall be thine own, thy wedded wife.

INGOMAR.

Parthenia!

TIMARCH.

All this mayst thou count upon,
If first one deed of thine assure us, that
Thou hast Massilia's weal in truth at heart.

INGOMAR.

What must I do ? Unless it be your wish
That I should heave the earth from off its Poles,
Drain dry the sea, or pluck from heaven the stars ;
All else I'll do with joy, whate'er it be !

TIMARCH.

Then list !—Thou know'st that the Tectosages
The town beleaguer ;—thou thyself, who erst
Wert one of them, know'st best how all the race
Is bold of heart, and greedy of the spoil ;
And should they now have come as foes against us——

INGOMAR.

'Tis the Allobroges their march concerns,
Not ye—not ye, for sure——

TIMARCH.

Be that as't may !
There's peril in them, and Massilia trusts,
With thy good help, for many a future year
To keep such dangerous neighbours far away ;
Then list to me, and thy commission learn !
(*Taking INGOMAR a few steps aside*).

Thou must go out to the Tectosages,
As though thou cam'st thy friends to visit, and
To hear from them some tidings of thy home ;
And thus, observing how their camp is situate,
The ditch and gate, the order of the guard,
And watchword,—in the evening thou'lt return,
To lead by night Massilia's armed bands
In secret forth, that such a fate as yonder
Vile robber tribe prepares for many, may
In swift assault bring vengeance on themselves.
See ! this is all,—and when thou hast done this——

INGOMAR.

I will not do it!

TIMARCH.

What say'st thou?

MYRON.

Ingomar!

INGOMAR.

I say, I will not do it! Send out whome'er
Ye will, to draw those men into the snare!—
I will not circumvent confiding men,
Betray the sleepers, give to slaughter those
Who speak my country's tongue! I will not do it!

TIMARCH.

Thou sure wilt do it. Think but of the reward
That Myron,—that Massilia offers thee!

INGOMAR.

Then farewell all! for she—she is my all!
My life was linked to her by thousand tendrils,
And I did deem 'twould bloom when spring should
come;
And yet to her—farewell!—for had I her,
And had in her all happiness on earth,
Despair would seize me, had I purchased that
By basely slaying my brothers in their sleep!

TIMARCH.

How! Bear'st yet the Barbarian in thy heart,
And yet wilt be a Greek?

INGOMAR.

I would have been one ;
 I shook me free from all the ties of race,
 To fix my home 'mid ye for evermore ;
 And earnest was I, and had stood full true,
 Fast by your side, had this been open strife ;
 But ye think but of treachery and vile arts,
 Your only weapons are deceit and craft !
 Shame on ye ! Shame !

TIMARCH.

Curb thy too daring tongue !
 And know, until the sun stands high at noon,
 Time to reflect I'll give thee, whether thou
 Wilt lend thy help or not to our designs.
 Shouldst thou refuse,—no more thy faithless breath
 Shall, pestilent, our city's air infect.
 Let banishment, and worse, be then the lot
 Of thee, the spy, the traitor !—Therefore choose !—
 But, Myron, thou who hast so ill advised us,
 That we should trust this man without reserve,
 Look to thyself !—for if thy truth do prove
 Of such a kind as his, which yet thou wouldst
 Raise to the skies, with shallow, boasting phrase,
 Its measure we perchance may find too small,
 And take thy life's blood and thy life to fill it.

[Exit with Attendants.]

ACTÆA (*after a pause*).

Who now is right ? Where now is the respect,
 The honour, which thy Ingomar hath brought us ?
 First into ill repute he brings our child,
 Then thee into suspicion, and perchance,
 Yet worse,—may bring thy head unto the block.

MYRON.

My head unto the block!—Let him begone!
 I'll know no more of him!—I shut my doors
 Against thee!—Go!—They all shall see, I am
 Massilia's loyal son and citizen.—
 Get thee into the house, Parthenia!

(*To INGOMAR*).

Begone! I tell thee——

INGOMAR.

Myron!

MYRON (*while ACTÆA and PARTHENIA go into the house*).

Not a word!—

We are alone now, and so let me tell thee,
 That thou hast brought me into sore distress.
 Heaven knows, that, had I but of heads a pair,
 One for thy sake I willingly would lose;
 But having one head only—thou must hence!

(*Raising his voice*).

I am a true man and good citizen,
 And so farewell!—all ties are loosed between us!
 [*Exit into the house, closing the door after him.*]

INGOMAR.

'Tis past and gone! All, all is past and gone!
 The future lay so bright, so fair before me;
 For, to deserve her though I ne'er could hope,
 Some future day my efforts might have won her.
 But now all, all is gone! For never now
 Will she be mine!—I ne'er shall see her more,
 Nor e'er again even hear her voice's sound!
 No more!——

I needed but say ay ! but had I even
 A thousand years of respite to reflect,
 I must say nay ! and nay ! and ever nay !—
 It may be that my speech was rough and rude,
 When milder words had served my use as well,
 But I did find them not. What from my soul
 Flows right and true, I cannot speak it false.
 'Tis so indeed—and should I study years,
 I'd ne'er learn that, and I shall never learn it !
 I am a savage, and fate drives me forth
 To herd with forest beasts, to me most like.
 Why do I linger now ? Away !—away !
 And should their coward suspicion bar the gate,
 Lest I might rouse my nation to revenge,
 I'll break through their opposing spears, or die !
 I will—must go——

PARTHENIA (*who during INGOMAR's last words has entered from the house, and approached him unperceived*).

Go—wilt thou, Ingomar ?

INGOMAR.

The gods have willed it thus, that we must part,
 And there is no contending with the gods.

PARTHENIA.

Thou goest—and whither goest thou ?

INGOMAR.

Ask me not

Whither I go ? For me there are but two
 Places on earth ; the one a heaven, where
 Thou art ; the other, where thou'rt not, a waste.
 There leads my way ;—the son o' the wilderness,
 Back to my mother will I bend my steps ;
 She gave me truth for my inheritance,

And I will keep't, to watch o'er those, who are
My brothers still, Barbarians though they be.
For, void of truth, behold th' unstable soul,
A reed i'the wind, a boat upon the waves!
And if I e'er deemed otherwise, I've felt
Most deeply this since I have known thee, for
How can he love, who keeps not well his truth!

PARTHENIA.

And thou wilt go?

INGOMAR.

I must! For much I thank thee!
If erst I measured greatness by rude force,
And life did seem to me a brimming bowl,
More tempting still, the more it overflowed,
A garland round its margin thou hast wreathed;
Thou hast taught me how to temper lawless force
With wisest moderation; in the rich
Material, more to prize the graceful form.
Thou hast taught me, too, the spells of Love to feel,—
Of Love, whose joy makes man most like a god,
Whose sorrow even is rapture to the soul!
For all this do I thank thee, and I thought
All this once to repay thee, by a lot
Brighter than e'er to woman hath been dealt.
But this is now gone by, and all my store
Of happiness, of hopes, for ever lost;
One comfort sole—I've done that which I ought!
And so farewell! thine image goes with me;
Forget not mine! Parthenia, fare thee well!

PARTHENIA.

And wilt thou go even now? Thou must not—no!
Not now indeed——

INGOMAR.

A quick death is the easiest;
He dies ten thousand times, who slowly dies!
I know I shall not go unmourned by thee,—
And 'tis enough!—farewell!

PARTHENIA.

If such thy will,
No longer I'll detain thee!—But thy sword,
Which, coming, thou confidedst to my father;
Thou hast thy sword forgotten.

INGOMAR.

Let it go!
'Twas hope that erst did lure it from my hand,
And now—now——

PARTHENIA.

No! thou shalt not lack thy sword;
Thou gav'st it me, I'll give it thee again!
[*Exit hurriedly into the house.*]

INGOMAR.

Thou shalt not! Stay!—In vain I call—she's gone!
Thus is this bitter hour drawn out to years,
And ever keener grow my sorrow's pangs,
As though they'd kill me—yet they kill me not!
Oh, foul disgrace! A point of steel can sever
The thread of life, yet we can bear unharmed
The sharper steel, the soul's consuming woe!

PARTHENIA (*returning with the sword*).

Here is thy sword, and bright, as when thou gav'st it,
I've kept it for thee——

INGOMAR (*extending his hand for the sword*).

Thanks!

PARTHENIA.

No! Let me bear

It for thee.

INGOMAR.

What say'st thou?

PARTHENIA.

Bore I not once

Thy spear and shield?—then why not now thy sword?

INGOMAR.

Oh, then, indeed!—No! thou shalt not give me
Thine escort—let us part here—part at once!

PARTHENIA.

No, Ingomar! I'll bear thy sword for thee!

INGOMAR.

How far then—to the Market Place?

PARTHENIA.

The Market!—

No! yet a little farther—to the gate,—
Yet farther—to the sea,—and o'er the sea
Away,—and over mountain, vale, and stream,
To east or west, where'er thy course is bent,
Where'er thou wanderest with uncertain steps,
Long as this heart shall beat, these pulses throb,
Long as I breathe, I'll bear thy sword for thee!

INGOMAR.

Thou wilt, Parthenia!—

PARTHENIA (*letting the sword fall, and embracing*
INGOMAR).

Follow, follow thee!

Where'er thou goest, thy path shall still be mine;
Thine object mine; where thou a hut shalt build,
There be my fatherland! The speech, whose tones
Sound from thy lips,—that only will I speak;
What gives thee pleasure,—that shall be my joy,
And in what grieves thee will I share thy sorrow;
Thine am I, thine!—no more of parting now!

INGOMAR.

Eternal Gods! Is this no fleeting dream?
Thou cling'st unto my breast!—Massilia's child,
Thou lov'st me—me!—the stranger, the Barbarian!

PARTHENIA.

Oh, call thee not to me by such a name!
Compared with thee—what are we? How they stared
At thee—those haughty Greeks, ashamed and silent;
When thou, who hither cam'st to learn our customs,
Taught'st them one custom, and that sacred one,
Which the great gods have stamped upon our hearts!
How great, how noble didst thou stand before me,
When thou, to act aright, didst give up more
Than thine own life,—the hope of all that life!
How did I blush, that I would be thy teacher!
And what to teach?—What through long years with
pain
Was taught me,—lifeless forms, words, tinselled prate.
But thou hast from the hand of gods received
Immediate the pure gold—the soul's impulse
That must perforce for ever tend to good.

And I—Oh, fool presumptuous!—I had thought
 To mould thy true heart to a lying shape!
 Forgive me! Oh, forgive!—Now clear I see
 To be a Greek is nothing, but to bear
 A true and human heart is all in all!

INGOMAR.

Parthenia—mine! My senses well nigh fail me!
 Mine!—mine!—

PARTHENIA.

Long since have I been thine! 'Twas so
 Since thou didst learn to weep and fear; since when
 Thy hand uplifted, threatening, on my life,
 Let fall the naked sword. Since yonder day,
 One thought has been the life of both our souls;
 One wish, one hope, has throbbed within our hearts;
 And if, as maidens should, I strove to hide
 This from thee, I but loved thee more and more;
 I loved thee, but to-day I understood thee.
 And if I once thought to look down on thee,
 And proudly fancied thou shouldst first deserve me,
 And, reckless, put thee to so hard a proof;
 Now let me for such blinded pride atone!
 Purchased by love, and thine in every sense,
 As wife, as servant, slave, behold I kneel,
 And bow me to the dust before thy feet!

INGOMAR (*raising her immediately*).

Down at my feet—to be my slave!—Oh no!
 Two stems we'll be, outspringing from one root,
 Rising aloft into one vault of heaven,
 Our mingling branches ever fast entwined!

[*While INGOMAR and PARTHENIA hold each other closely embraced, MYRON and ACTÆA enter from the house.*]

ACTÆA.

See there now—look thyself!

MYRON.

May lightnings blast it!
What means this? Wilt thou bring my neck in peril,
Degenerate girl!—In with thee to the house!

PARTHENIA (*still embracing* INGOMAR).

Not without him!

ACTÆA.

My limbs are trembling!

MYRON (*to* INGOMAR).

How!

Have I not warned thee thou'rt my guest no longer,
And bid thee forthwith seek some other harbour?
Then take thyself away!

INGOMAR.

Not without her!
Her choice is made, and ye can part us not;
Mine is she—mine! Yes, mine for all her life!

MYRON.

What! Are ye raving mad?

ACTÆA.

And see! Even now
Yonder the Timarch comes——

MYRON.

At such a time!—
We lacked but this——

ACTÆA.

And look now, look! Barbarians
Walk at his side.

MYRON.

How! Sure they have not yet——
But no!—in verity they bear green boughs;
Envoys, I deem, from the Tectosages.

ACTÆA.

What now will happen?

MYRON.

Silence! here they come!
[*The TIMARCH with his Attendants enters, accompanied by ALASTOR and NOVIO, who bear green boughs in their hands.*

TIMARCH.

Here is the man concerning whom ye're sent;
I pray ye now your message to deliver!

NOVIO.

'Tis he!

ALASTOR.

'Tis he most truly!
(*Approaching INGOMAR.*)
Ingomar!

INGOMAR.

What! Do I see aright? 'Tis ye!

ALASTOR.

We greet thee
I' the name of all our nation, Ingomar!

INGOMAR.

My thanks for that,—and say, what brings ye? *

ALASTOR.

Hearken!

The foray, long determined, on the land
Of the Allobroges hath this way brought us;
And tidings came, that one of our race dwelt
In menial station here, among these Greeks.

NOVIO.

And then we judged, that, lurking on thy path,
Massilia's men had seized thee in the woods,
And borne thee captive into slavery.

ALASTOR.

Then all, both chiefs and people, burnt with rage,
And hither sent us to these Greeks, to see
If they did hold thee as a slave, who wert
The ornament and glory of our name;
And if 'twere so, then 'stead of war, they'd proffer
Alliance straight to the Allobroges,
And to the Ædui too, and the Helvetians,
And, with collected powers this town besieging,
Ne'er rest till such disgrace had been avenged.

TIMARCH.

No, gallant envoys of a noble nation!
The eternal gods most graciously forefend,
That vain delusions, and conjectures groundless,
Should ever arm the valiant tribes of Gaul
To fierce and bloody war with this poor city!
It is not as ye think; the man there——

ALASTOR.

Hold!

To him it is we're sent, and he must speak.

NOVIO.

Speak unreserved, and tell us plain, they bore
Thee as a slave away!

INGOMAR.

I am a free man,
And my free choice it was that brought me here;
And had I been in bondage, 'twas my will
That still had bowed itself beneath the yoke.

ALASTOR.

Was't thy free will indeed? It may be so;
But tell us now, what was thy treatment here?
For better far than we this nation deems it,
Scorning us for Barbarians. Speak then! did
They treat thee as a friend—an honoured guest?

NOVIO.

Did they ne'er wound thy heart with scorn and taunts,
And the same rights and honours did they give thee
As others in the land?

ALASTOR.

Speak then! In dust
And ruin shall Massilia lie, if but
One word, one look hath galled thy spirit!

TIMARCH.

My friends!
Let me then here bear witness——

ALASTOR.

Let *him* speak!

TIMARCH (*terrified*).

Hear me ye must——

INGOMAR (*to the TIMARCH*).

Be but tranquil now !

No more to both I'd say, but that this day
Thou hast proffered me the rights of citizen,
And house, and land,—and this maid's hand besides,
Parthenia's hand——

NOVIO.

What ! she who was our slave !

ALASTOR.

So she it is hath turned thy heart from us !
If so it be—why then—farewell ! We march
This day into the Allobrogian land ;
Peace be unto Massilia !

TIMARCH.

Let us yet

Have more than peace, your friendship let us have ;
And if that one of your race have like honour
Here, as the people of this city native ;
Give ye safe-conduct to our citizens,
And sacred right of guests amid your mountains !
We proffer ye alliance—let it be——

ALASTOR.

For that we lack full powers. But come ye forth,
And pray for conference with our nation's chiefs,
And hear what they decide !

TIMARCH.

Well ! Be it so !

I follow ye, and may propitious gods
Prosper the work ! Come then !—but ere I go
One word yet with thee, gallant Ingomar !

(He advances a few paces towards the front of the stage with INGOMAR, while ALASTOR and NOVIO retire towards the background).

As erst thou didst refuse that deed, preparing
To play a better game than we had hoped for,
And well hast kept thy truth by prudent words;
So now we give to thee, as was our promise,
The child of Myron, and a stately house,
And thirty ounces silver; and we grant thee
All equal rights with other citizens.

(To MYRON).

Here stands thy son-in-law! All joys attend ye!

[Exit, with the Tectosages and his Attendants.]

MYRON.

See, now, Actæa! who judged truly now?
That *is* a son;—with house and land, and rights
Of citizen, and thirty ounces silver!

ACTÆA.

But yet a Tectosage he still remains!

INGOMAR.

Parthenia mine! By me for ever won!
I scarce conceive 't! My heart's desires fulfilled,—
The knot unloosed, that was so sore entangled,—
The gods appeased,—our harsh fate guided, till
It found such gentle ending!

PARTHENIA.

So guides Love!

(While the Lovers embrace, and MYRON and ACTÆA advance, the curtain falls).

THE END.

